

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

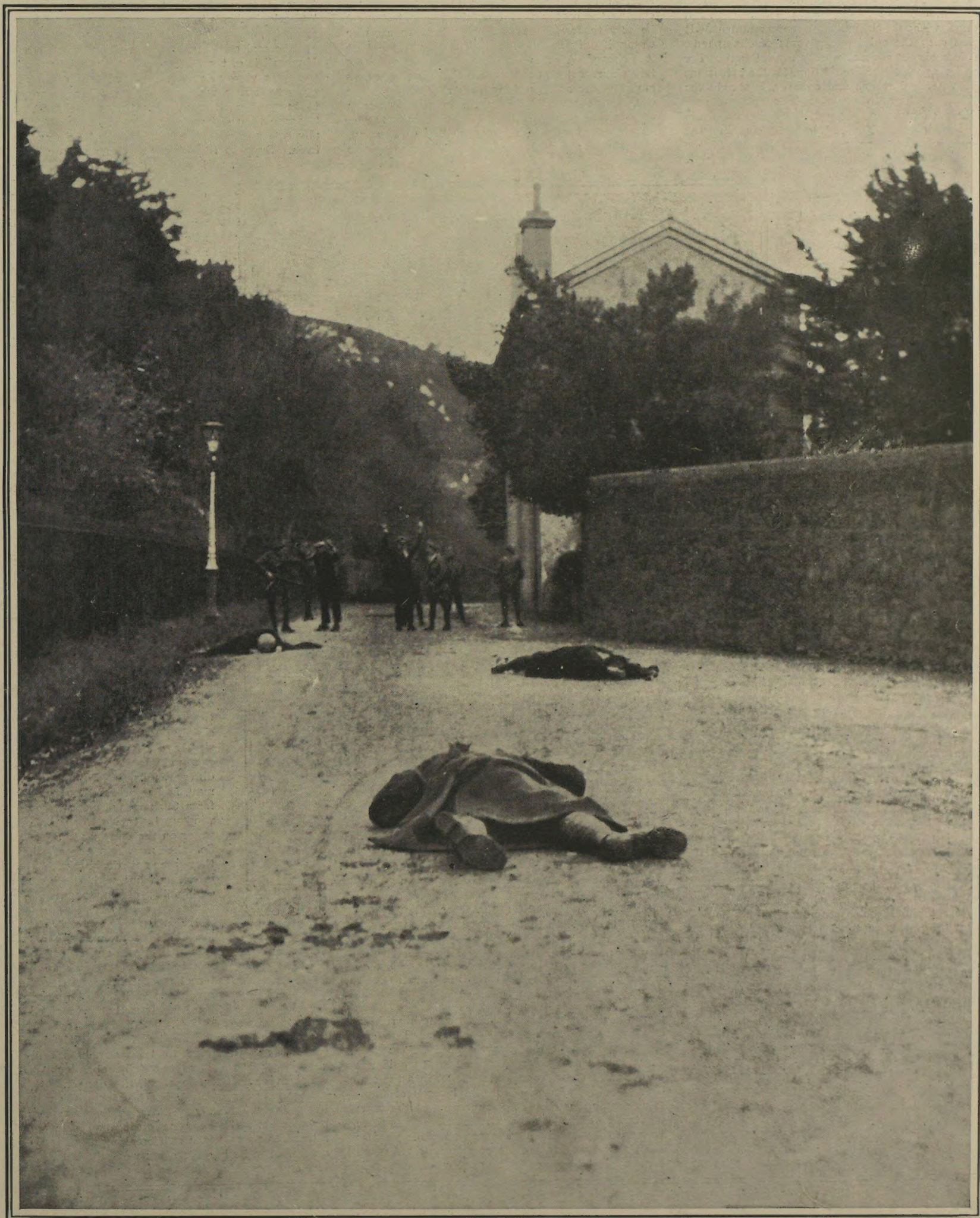
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1920.

ONE SHILLING.

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THE REIGN OF ASSASSINATION IN IRELAND: AFTER A STREET BATTLE—DEAD AND WOUNDED;
AND SINN FEINERS "HELD UP."

The condition of affairs in Ireland has grown worse and worse. Terrible events took place in Dublin on Sunday, November 21, when fourteen British Army officers and ex-officers were murdered in their homes by gangs of assassins, and a fight between troops and a football crowd resulted in twelve deaths and the wounding of over fifty people. The above photograph is typical of the state

of things in the country. It was taken during the "battle of Tralee," where a convoy of R.I.C. Cadets was ambushed by Republicans. Three Sinn Feiners were killed and one cadet was wounded. The cadet and two of the dead Sinn Feiners are seen lying in the road. The cadet is in the foreground. In the background, cadets are taking Sinn Feiners prisoners.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

FOR the abstract fun of the game of logic, I feel disposed to discuss an alleged fallacy in an essay which originally appeared on this page. The critic wrote in one of the best organs of criticism, the *New Statesman*; the question itself is not without elements of entertainment. It begins with the exhilarating topic of champagne, which is also at present a very topical topic. For the whole problem of Prohibition, for the politicians of this particular time and country, is simply the problem of how to prohibit beer without prohibiting champagne. In other words, it is the really difficult problem of how to combine the oppression of the poor with the luxury of the rich; and on this dilemma the best intellects of modern politics are now earnestly concentrated. The subject also involves the most attractive and advanced ideals, such as teetotalism and human sacrifice. Finally, the matter may be worth reviving for a more real reason—that it refers to a very real modern peril, the danger that things may be retained as conventions when they are lost as convictions.

I wrote in these columns a long while ago a comment on certain muddle-headed moralists who disapproved of the ritual of blessing a new ship by breaking a bottle of champagne, and who proposed to substitute a bottle of plain water. After detailing some of the more definite illogicalities involved, I ended up with a more general criticism, pointing out that such men miss the whole meaning of such ceremonies in missing the idea of sacrificing or surrendering something precious. The critic of the *New Statesman* says that this is a stupidity, because the whole question at issue is whether wine is precious, and that the teetotalers do not admit that it is precious. If in the passage to which he refers there are any fallacies, I can only say that the critic in question has succeeded in adding another of his own. He says he can imagine me, if I were myself a Prohibitionist or militant teetotaler, arguing that water was itself the valuable thing, and should in such a case be treated as sacred, like the water of life.

Now I sincerely hope my stupidity would not be so stupid as that. I do not even see why a teetotaler should be so stupid as that. For this contention is really a confusion between two meanings of the word "value." Considered as something to be drunk, wine has a relative value according to our tastes or type of ethics or theory of hygiene. But, considered as something to be sacrificed, wine has a positive value according to its price and present position in the world of wealth. If two men sit in a wine-shop, each drinking a tenpenny glass of port, one may be drinking poison and the other drinking nectar. But if both pour their wine on the floor, to the glory of the gods and the surprise of the barmaid, both men will have equally thrown away tenpence. And this aspect of wine, though generally the lowest and least important, is perfectly relevant

to any idea like that of a libation to the gods. It is not in the least relevant to the other question of the moral value of total abstinence. It may be sensible to drink water, for many reasons, including the reason that it is cheap. But it must be silly to sacrifice water, or pretend to sacrifice water, if only for the same identical reason—that it is cheap. And, as a matter of fact, nobody does talk about water in any other spirit; nobody does praise water as something rare and costly. The water-drinker would not write so of water even when writing poetically. Water-drinkers who were poetical writers, such as Shelley or Thoreau, would naturally praise water for the very opposite

hope, would be stuck for ever on its banks, watching it flow, like the provincial in Horace. But the point of all the stories about running water is that there is enough of it to be still running, like "Charley's Aunt."

The real criticism of the criticism goes deeper. If moralists of the Moslem sort did really take this romantic view of water, then, while I could still reply to it as a matter of reason, it would appeal to me not a little as a matter of imagination. Suppose they did really regard water as intrinsically rich and rare, the result might be a fine fantasia. Suppose they really served water in small liqueur glasses after dinner. Suppose they offered to buy a cistern at a big price like a cellar. Suppose they eagerly pressed handfuls of extra payment upon the water companies, as conscience money for having already consumed so rare a liquid at so cheap a rate. Suppose they wrote to the *Times* to protest against so much priceless liquid being allowed to flow away to the sea, in the form of the River Thames. Suppose they counted the raindrops as a miser counts coins. Suppose they froze and preserved the raindrops as a virtuoso does jewels. All this would be very pleasing to the fancy, and might even have a certain significance for the philosophy. But I watch and wait in vain for any of these things to happen. I fear there is no such mysticism as my critic imagines; what there is is simply the bad broken-backed logic which I originally said there was.

When the people of whom I originally wrote proposed to substitute water for champagne in blessing a ship, they were not regarding water as something more valuable than champagne. They were not thinking about water as a substance rich enough to be sacrificed. They were simply not thinking at all. They were putting water to two totally different purposes. It is as if a man, having provided only water for a Christmas dinner, were to wind up by trying to set fire to water on the Christmas pudding. So the moralists forget that they are not dealing with the intoxicant, but with the luxurious quality of champagne.

It is part of an error that has its effect in many departments. The danger of our society is not so much an external revolution as an internal revolution with an external continuity. It is that we may continue to take our hats off to ladies, when we have avowedly abandoned all belief in chivalry; or that we may continue to take our hats off in church when we have avowedly abandoned all belief in churches. In short, the danger is that change may eat out the heart of conviction and leave the shell of convention. And there could be no more symbolic type of it than somebody a hundred years hence still breaking a bottle over a ship, when he has forgotten what the bottle was for, and possibly what the ship was for as well.



THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR SEALED: THE TEMPORARY STONE OVER THE BURIAL-PLACE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

As we noted in our Memorial Number dealing with the burial of the Unknown Warrior and the unveiling of the Cenotaph, the inscription on the temporary stone over the grave in Westminster Abbey reads: "A British Warrior who Fell in the Great War, 1914-1918. For King and Country. Greater Love Hath No Man Than This." Something like a million people have filed past the grave.

Photograph by Photopress.

reason; they would praise it as something fresh and flowing and common and boundless. But they would understand the story of the Prince who threw a ring into the sea, and know it would not be the same thing to empty a bucket into the sea. They would understand the old legends of fountains running wine, and not suppose that the same particular effect was achieved wherever there happened to be running water. Running water has its own poetry and its own legends. A witch cannot cross it; and a teetotal poet, one may

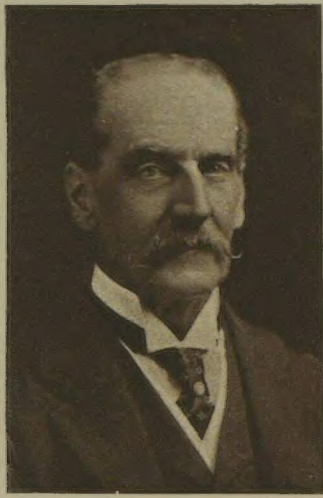
continue to take our hats off to ladies, when we have avowedly abandoned all belief in chivalry; or that we may continue to take our hats off in church when we have avowedly abandoned all belief in churches. In short, the danger is that change may eat out the heart of conviction and leave the shell of convention. And there could be no more symbolic type of it than somebody a hundred years hence still breaking a bottle over a ship, when he has forgotten what the bottle was for, and possibly what the ship was for as well.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

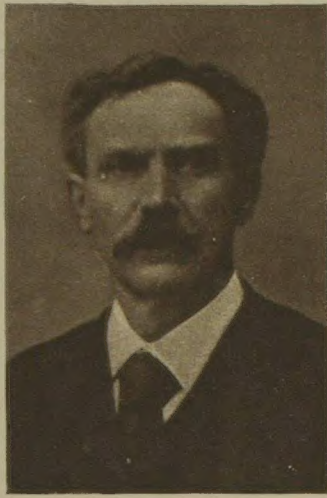
THE Christmas Number of "The Illustrated London News" will be published on Monday next, November 29, and it may safely be said of it that it is the most artistic and interesting Christmas Number ever produced. Contained in it are many coloured reproductions of famous pictures by Old Masters and by modern painters. The issue is made further interesting by seasonable short stories by such authors as May Wynne, Michael West, Keble Howard, M. L. C. Pickthall; whilst there are also many illustrations in monochrome. The coloured Presentation Plate is a large and very fine reproduction of Gabriel Nicolle's Salon and Royal Academy picture, "Day-dreams." As there is certain to be a great demand for the issue, it should be ordered at once.

NOTABLE PEOPLE: PERSONALITIES OF THE MOMENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, C.N., H. WALTER BARNETT, S. AND G., LAFAYETTE, AND BASSANO.



THE LATE SIR H. MACKWORTH PRAED, BT.: PHILANTHROPIST.



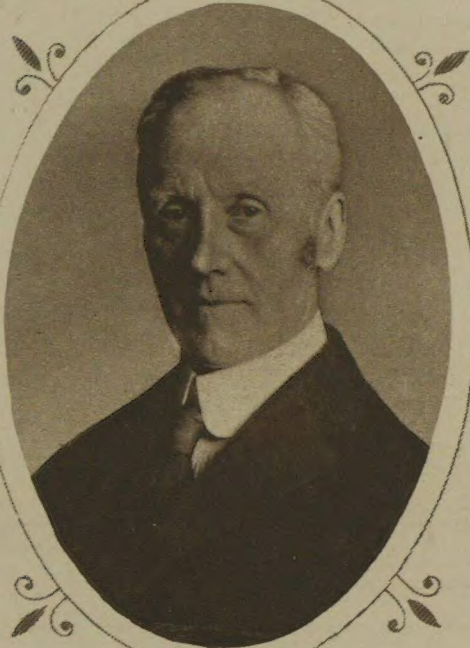
M. RALLIS: NEW GREEK PREMIER.



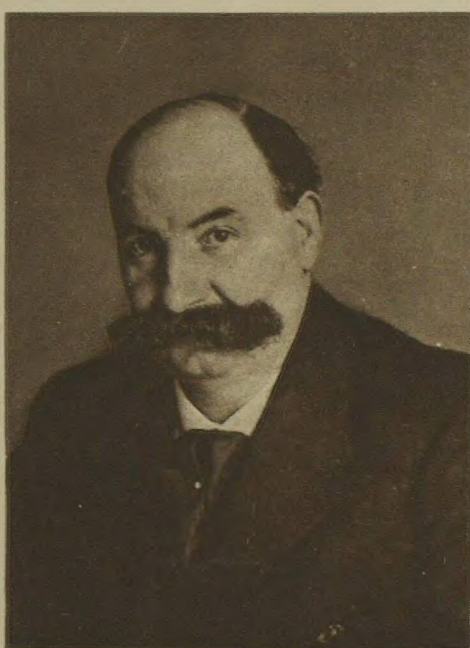
DR. H. F. HOLLAND: ATTENDED THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.



THE LATE SIR C. L. RYAN: SEC. TO DISRAELI AND GLADSTONE.



MR. CHARLES SHANNON: ELECTED AN R.A.; FIGURE-PAINTER OF THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL.



THE RT. HON. WILLIAM BRACE: APPOINTED CHIEF LABOUR ADVISER TO MINES DEPT.



SIR RONALD MUNRO-FERGUSON: CREATED A VISCOUNT (GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA).



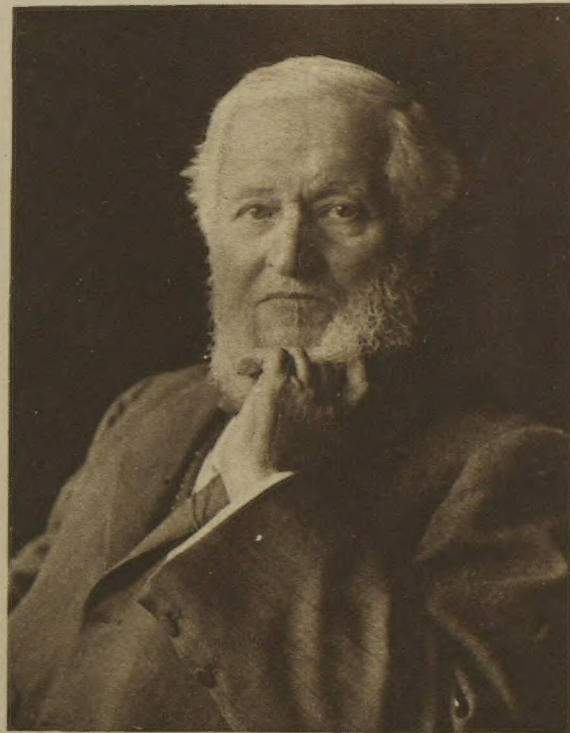
THE LATE LORD GLENCONNER: PHILANTHROPIST AND PUBLIC MAN; AND BROTHER OF MRS. ASQUITH.



HON. CHRISTOPHER TENNANT: NEW BARON GLENCONNER.



MAJOR-GEN. TOWNSHEND (OF KUT): NEW M.P. FOR WREKIN.



THE LATE MR. JESSE COLLINGS: PIONEER OF SMALL HOLDINGS ("THREE ACRES AND A COW").

Sir Herbert Mackworth Praed was Chairman of the Association of Conservative Clubs. As a philanthropist he was most famous for connection with the Charity Organisation Society.—M. Rallis is a Royalist and Constitutionalist.—Dr. Holland, who died on November 15, in his ninety-second year, attended the great Duke of Wellington in 1851. He was known as "the G.O.M. of Godalming."—Sir Charles Lister Ryan was an assistant private secretary to Disraeli and to Gladstone, and, finally, Auditor-General.—Mr. Charles Shannon, R.A., is lithographer as well as painter. He is fifty-five.—Mr. Brace resigns his seat in Parliament and the Presidency of the South Wales Miners' Federation.—When the new Viscount became Governor-General of Australia, in 1914, he had

been Liberal M.P. for Leith Burghs for twenty-eight years.—Edward Priaux Tennant, first Baron Glenconner, who died on November 21, was born in 1859. The peerage dates from 1911. He was Mrs. Asquith's eldest brother. He inherited the famous chemical works which founded the family fortunes, and was interested in various other businesses. He is succeeded by his second son, the Hon. Christopher Grey Tennant, R.N.—his eldest son was killed in action in 1916.—General Townshend fought Wrekin as an Independent, under the wing of Mr. Horatio Bottomley. He defeated the Labour candidate by 3965 votes.—Mr. Jesse Collings was most famous, perhaps, for his association with "Three acres and a cow." He was the late Joseph Chamberlain's greatest friend.

THE IRISH TRAGEDY: WHOLESALE MURDER IN DUBLIN;

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

SINN FEIN PLANS TO SPREAD TYPHOID AND GLANDERS.

TOPICAL AND L.N.A.



"SMOKE-SCREENS USED AS A PROTECTION AGAINST SINN FEIN ATTACK: R.I.C. CADETS IN A STREET DURING "THE BATTLE OF TRALER."



STANDING ON THE SPOT WHERE RIFLES WERE FOUND HIDDEN UNDER THE FLOOR: AN R.I.C. CADET ON GUARD IN KINGSTON COURT-HOUSE.



COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY, AND ALLEGED WRITER OF THE "TYPHOID" DOCUMENT: MICHAEL COLLINS.



WHERE CAPTAIN MCCORMACK AND LIEUTENANT L. WILDE WERE MURDERED ON NOVEMBER 20: THE GRESHAM HOTEL, SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.

GLANDERS BY HORSES.

It should be possible to give horses glanders. I know they can be infected, but that method would be impossible. The disease is not from horses and horses had been removed. Therefore, it should be possible to make the infection by means of infecting the water, and it should be possible to get the water at railway stations and so forth.

REMARKS: Any Doctor or V. Surgeon will be able to tell you how to grow the microbes. If they don't know they can look it up in any text book on Bacteriology. It is necessary to get a fresh culture, that is, microbes grown from the discharge of an infected horse. This should be easily got from the Veterinary College or should be easily got from a laboratory like their. Virulence they can be grown in a laboratory. If you can't get them grown in a laboratory. Any Doctor can find out the method in which they grow. Assume you have half a pint of active microbes. Then I take to it in this like a barrel or a gun. Put this stick down in the water, withdraw the barrel. Then pour in the microbes while you, at the same time, withdraw the hollow stick or piping. In this way you can distribute the microbes from the bottom of the tank to the top without disturbing the water, and it can be done quickly.

CAUTION: Operator must not allow any of the fluid on his hands or clothes. The stick and bottle should be burned after use.

A couple of thousand horses infected would make a sensation. Smaller ones, would have to be burned, and stables disinfected.

"A COUPLE OF THOUSAND HORSES INFECTED WOULD MAKE A SENSATION": PART OF A CAPTURED SINN FEIN DOCUMENT.



CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY, AND SAID TO BE "ON THE RUN": RICHARD MULCAHY.

SPREAD TYPHOID: How about spreading typhoid fever among them? I know of no other ordinary disease that could be spread among them with safety to the rest of the population. They might retaliate, but that is for consideration.

To get Typhoid Fever one must eat or drink the Typhoid bacillus (or microbes). It is easy getting fresh and virulent cultures. The best medium of carrying it is through the milk. They multiply rapidly in the milk. They can also be covered in the water, but through the water is difficult, unless there are special strains or tanks near each place into which a pint or so could be poured.

The milk is for the best medium, but is milk used? It can be investigated.

DANGER: There is no danger to the Operator unless he puts the microbes on hands or clothes. The milk would have to get special attention after the infected milk had been supplied. They could, in turn, convey the disease to the civil population. If these ideas any of any use you will need expert advice, so I need not go into the matter further.

If these are thought practical let me know and I'll study other things on same line in the line of discovering possibilities. At the moment I don't think of anything else in that line.

Give my regards to all and hope the success will continue. I enjoyed my visit, and will feel in personal touch more than ever. God bless you all.

"HOW ABOUT SPREADING TYPHOID FEVER AMONG THEM?": PART OF A CAPTURED SINN FEIN DOCUMENT.



MILITARY SEARCHLIGHTS IN THE IRISH GUERRILLA WARFARE: PLAYING ON THE COURT-HOUSE AT KINGSTON DURING A NIGHT RAID.



WHERE LIEUTENANT MAHON, ONE OF THE MURDERED OFFICERS, WAS KILLED: NO. 22, LOWER MOUNT STREET, DUBLIN—SHOWING BULLET-HOLES IN THE WINDOW.



REMOVING THE BLACK BOX WHICH CONTAINED THE NOTORIOUS TYPHOID PLOT PAPERS: SOLDIERS AT A HOUSE IN DUBLIN.

Organised murder on a large scale was perpetrated by Sinn Feiners in Dublin on Nov. 21, when fourteen British Army officers and ex-officers were shot dead in their homes, some in the presence of their wives, and five others were wounded. The victims killed were: Lieut. A. Amos (late Grenadier Guards), Capt. G. T. Baggeley, Lieut. G. Bennett (late R.A.), Major C. M. G. Dowling (Grenadier Guards), Capt. Fitzgerald, Capt. McCormack, Lieut. D. L. MacLean (late Rifle Brigade), Lieut. Mahon, Capt. W. F. Newberry (4th Queen's, Royal West Surrey Regt.), Capt. Leonard Price, M.C. (late Middlesex Regt.), Cadet F. Garnias, Cadet C. A. Morris, Mr. T. H. Smith, and Mr. L. Wilde. Fifteen men carried out the murders of Capt. McCormack and Mr. Wilde at the Gresham Hotel in Sackville Street, five holding up the staff with revolvers in the hall while the others

compelled the porter to take them to the officers' rooms. Of twenty assassins who raided 22, Lower Mount Street and killed Mr. Mahon, one was captured by auxiliary police called in by a neighbour. The rest escaped by the back door. On November 18, Sir Hamar Greenwood read in Parliament a captured document (reproduced above) headed: "From the Commander-in-Chief of the Irish Republican Army to his Chief of Staff," and proposing that milk for the troops should be infected with typhoid, and that glanders should be spread among cavalry horses. The letter concluded piously with "God bless you all." Later, Sir Hamar Greenwood stated that the Commander-in-Chief of the I.R.A. was Michael Collins, and his Chief of Staff, Richard Mulcahy. Both, he said, were "on the run."

GREECE WITH AND WITHOUT VENIZELOS: A POLITICAL SOMERSAULT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROUCAS (ATHENS) AND VANDYK; MAP BY COURTESY OF THE "OBSERVER."

THE MORGANATIC WIFE OF THE LATE KING ALEXANDER OF GREECE:
MLLE. MANOS.TAKEN ON THE DAY OF HIS DEATH: THE LATE KING ALEXANDER
LYING DEAD ON HIS BED—HIS WIFE BY THE BEDSIDE.APPOINTED REGENT OF GREECE PENDING A SETTLEMENT OF THE CRISIS:
QUEEN OLGA, THE QUEEN-MOTHER."OSTRACISED" LIKE ARISTIDES: M. VENIZELOS, THE MAKER OF MODERN
GREECE, REJECTED BY HIS COUNTRY.

Since the death of King Alexander, from blood-poisoning caused by monkeys' bites, events in Greece have moved quickly and surprisingly. The elections resulted in an unexpected somersault of popular opinion in favour of the ex-King Constantine and against M. Venizelos, the great statesman to whom Greece owes all her recent expansion. He has since left the country, going to Nice in the yacht "Narcissus," escorted by a British cruiser and two destroyers. Meanwhile,

the Queen-Mother, Queen Olga, widow of the late King George—who was assassinated by a fanatic at Salonika in 1913—has been appointed Regent in place of Admiral Condouriotis. The map given above, which explains itself, shows Greece as Venizelos found it and as he left it, with its territory largely increased. His rejection by an ungrateful country has been compared to the ostracism of his compatriot of antiquity, Aristides "the Just." Aristides was recalled.

HYMEN AND POLITICS: GRÆCO-ROUMANIAN ROYAL BETROTHALS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N., STANLEY, AND TOPICAL.



BETROTHED TO THE DUKE OF SPARTA:
PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA.



BETROTHED TO PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF
ROUMANIA: THE DUKE OF SPARTA.



BETROTHED TO THE CROWN PRINCE OF
ROUMANIA: PRINCESS HELEN OF GREECE.



BETROTHED TO PRINCESS HELEN: THE
CROWN PRINCE CHARLES OF ROUMANIA.



ENJOYING WINTER SPORT AT ST. MORITZ: PRINCESSES HELEN AND IRENE OF GREECE
WITH THE INFANTE ALFONSO OF ORLEANS AND BOURBON.



EXPECTING "RESTORATION": EX-KING CONSTANTINE AND QUEEN SOPHIE OF GREECE,
WITH FOUR OF THEIR CHILDREN.

The Greek political crisis has been complicated by the announcement of a double matrimonial alliance between the Royal Families of Greece and Roumania. Prince George of Greece, Duke of Sparta, who had to renounce his rights as Crown Prince when his father was deposed, is betrothed to Princess Elizabeth of Roumania, and her brother, the Crown Prince Charles of Roumania, is to marry Princess Helen of Greece, King Constantine's eldest daughter. It was expected that the weddings would be simultaneous, to evade the canon law forbidding the marriages of a brother and a sister with a sister and a brother. Queen

Sophie of Greece (sister of the ex-Kaiser) was reported to have said, however, that this would not be necessary, since the King of Roumania could arrange matters as Head of the Church. She stated on Nov. 20 that the Duke of Sparta would go to Roumania to be married in a few days, but that she did not know when Princess Helen would be married. Prince Charles of Roumania married in 1918, at Odessa, Mlle. Zizi Lambrino, but the marriage was annulled last year. In the lower photograph on the right, with King Constantine and Queen Sophie, are (left to right) Princesses Helen, Catherine, and Irene, and Prince Paul.

FROM FAR AND NEAR: NOTABLE EVENTS AND PERSONALITIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL FRANKL, LAFAYETTE, AGENZIA FOTOGRAFICA ITALIANA, ANSELMO, "DAILY MAIL," AND TOPICAL.



A SCUFFLE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: MAJOR J. E. MOLSON, M.P.



THE PROCLAMATION OF THE FREE CITY OF DANZIG: BRITISH TROOPS MARCHING PAST GENERAL HAKING.



A SCUFFLE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: MR. JOSEPH DEVLIN, M.P.



IGHTLY EQUIPPED! D'ANNUNZIO'S MEN—SENATOR MARCONI WATCHING.



THE SETTLEMENT OF THE ADRIATIC QUESTION BETWEEN ITALY AND YUGO-SLAVIA: SIGNOR GIOLITTI SIGNING THE TREATY OF RAPALLO.



NOT CONTENT WITH THE TREATY OF RAPALLO: SIGNOR D'ANNUNZIO.



POSSIBLY USED BY HENRY VIII.: THE TWO TUDOR TENNIS BALLS (FACSIMILE SIZE) FOUND IN THE ROOF OF WESTMINSTER HALL.



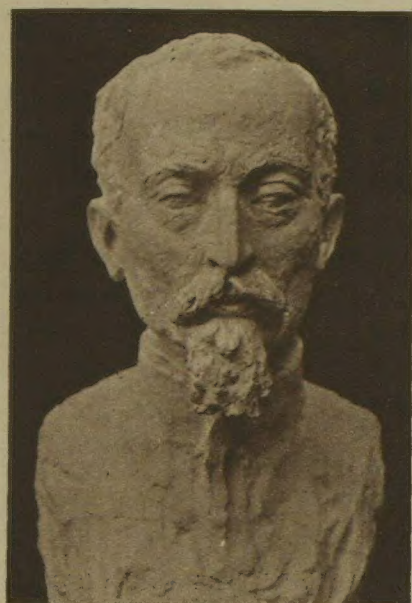
OUT WITH THE WEST NORFOLK HOUNDS: PRINCESS MARY AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.

A violent scene occurred in the House of Commons on November 22 as the result of a question asked by Mr. Devlin, the Irish Nationalist leader, just after Sir Hamar Greenwood had told the story of the Dublin murders, and feeling ran high. Major Molson, M.P. (Co.U.) for Gainsborough, pulled Mr. Devlin down, and a scuffle ensued, in which other Members joined. The Speaker suspended the sitting, and on its resumption Major Molson apologised.—Senator Marconi recently visited Zara and saw Signor d'Annunzio's troops, whose "uniform" on the occasion illustrated by our photograph, was scanty. D'Annunzio, it is

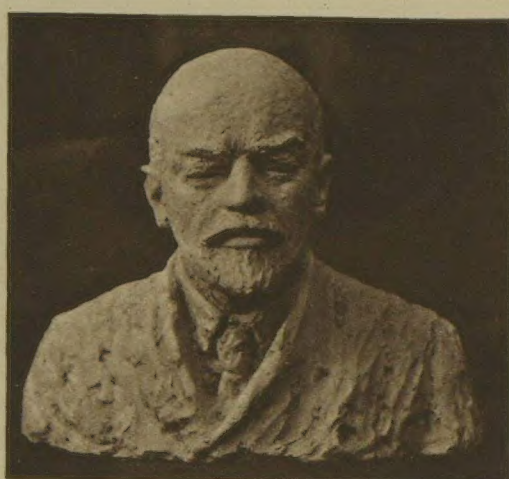
reported, is not satisfied with the treaty of Rapallo between Italy and Yugo-Slavia.—The Convention between Poland and Danzig was signed by M. Paderewski on behalf of Poland on November 18 in Paris. The Danzigers had already signed it. Our photograph shows a parade of British troops in Danzig before General Haking, their commander, on November 15, when the freedom of Danzig was proclaimed.—Two Tudor tennis-balls of the time of Henry VIII., who was a keen player, were found the other day by workmen in the roof of Westminster Hall. One was 2½ in. in diameter and the other 1½ in.

"SCULPED" BY MRS. SHERIDAN IN THE KREMLIN: BOLSHEVIST HEADS.

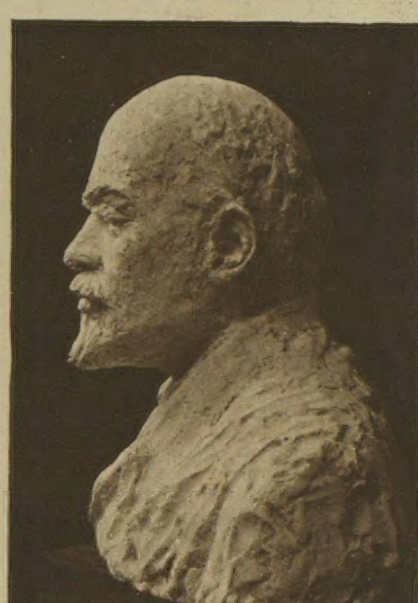
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MONGER AND MARCHANT. CAMERA PORTRAIT OF MRS. SHERIDAN BY HUGH CECIL.



"MARTYRDOM CRYSTALLISED IN HIS EYES": DZHERJINSKY.



"HIS SCREWED-UP LOOK. WONDERFUL. NO ONE ELSE HAS SUCH A LOOK": LENIN.



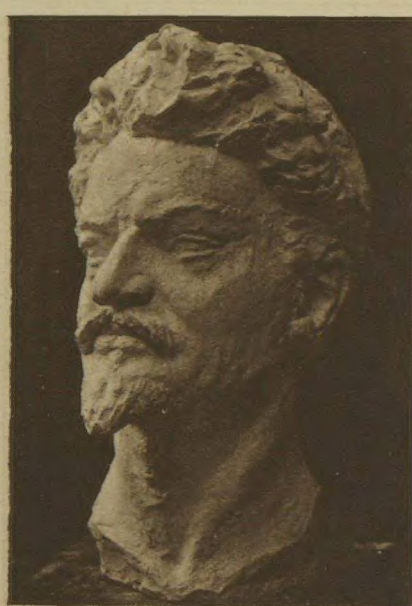
"HE HAS A CURIOUS LITTLE SLAV FACE, AND HOW ILL HE LOOKS": LENIN.



"I LOOKED FORWARD IMMENSELY TO DOING HIS HEAD": TROTSKY.



THE SCULPTOR TO WHOM BOLSHEVIST LEADERS SAT IN MOSCOW: MRS. CLARE SHERIDAN.



"SOMETHING THAT OUGHT TO LEND ITSELF TO A FINE PIECE OF WORK": TROTSKY.



"A SPLENDID FIGHTING COUNTENANCE AND . . . FULL OF FORCE": TROTSKY.



"AN EXTRAORDINARY MIX-UP OF CONFLICTING PERSONALITIES": ZINOVIEV.



"THE EYES OF A FIGHTING MAN AND MOUTH OF A PETULANT WOMAN": ZINOVIEV.

Mrs. Clare Sheridan's diary (published in the "Times.") recounting her recent adventurous visit to Moscow, to "sculpt the heads" (as she puts it) of the Bolshevist leaders, gives one of the most vividly interesting pictures of the Soviet régime in Russia that has yet appeared. She went at the invitation of M. Kameneff, and left London secretly, travelling by way of Christiania and Stockholm, where she lunched with the Crown Prince of Sweden. At Moscow a room in the Kremlin was assigned her as a studio, and she was given sittings by all the chief men. The results are seen in the remarkably fine busts which she brought back.

Equally fascinating are her accounts of talks with her sitters, and her comments on their appearance and personalities. Mrs. Sheridan was already well known as a sculptor of first-rate ability, notably by her busts of Mr. Asquith (for the Oxford Union) and Mr. Churchill, who is her first cousin. The fact lends piquancy to Lenin's criticism of him in conversation with her. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moreton Frewen, and widow of Capt. Wilfred Sheridan, who was killed in the war. Dzerjinsky is President of the Extraordinary Commission; Zinoviev of the Petrograd Soviet and of the Third International.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

"DECORATIVE property" is a generic term; it included many sub-heads and offered many titillating items to various pal-

ates in the sale conducted by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on Nov. 19.

Porcelain, textiles, pewter, and a sprinkling of furniture made up the *olla podrida*, which embraced as a fine alluring factor the old English needlework pictures the property of Lord Arthur Hill. The seventeenth-century examples have a Scriptural character, such as "Esther before King Ahasuerus," which sold for 21 guineas, and "Elijah and the Ravens." A tiny panel representing a courtier presenting a monkey to the Queen brought 5 guineas. A fine casket embellished with figures of the King and Queen sold for 50 guineas. The eighteenth-century examples betray the influence of contemporary artists: "Music" and "Autumn," after Adam Buck, fetched 10 guineas. The sentiment is that of rural felicity such as found favour with stipple-engravers of the late eighteenth century. The titles illustrate this. "The Bird's Nest," "The Flower Girl," "The Pet Bird," "The Fortune-Teller," "The Gleaner," brought 6 guineas; "The Piping Shepherd," 7 guineas; and "Auld Robin Gray" only 2½ guineas. This last was a cottager's example, worked after 1772, when the ballad was written by Lady Anne Lindsay, then a young girl. Published anonymously, it had a great vogue. When an old woman her Ladyship wrote to Sir Walter Scott avowing her authorship.

Old English plate came up for sale at Christie's on the 24th, and included a Queen Anne cup and cover by Robert Syngin, 1703; a William and Mary toilet-mirror by Benjamin Pyne, 1690; a Charles II. tankard, engraved in the Chinese taste, 1679, with maker's mark, "IN," with *fleur-de-lys* and two pellets; and a Charles II. porringer, also chased in Chinese taste, with maker's mark, "IM." An interesting historical relic was once the property of Cardinal York—a silver-gilt liqueur-case formed as an oblong casket, having cover surmounted by a group of two cupids supporting the Cardinal's arms, the interior fitted with six glass decanters. Henry Benedict was the younger son of the Pretender. When Culloden was being fought, in 1745, he went to France to head an army of fifteen thousand men assembled at Dunkirk for the invasion of England. But the news of his father's defeat determined his future. He entered the priesthood, and was made a Cardinal in 1747. On his father's death in 1788 he had medals struck bearing his head, with inscription styling himself "Henry IX., King of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith," and on the reverse, in Latin, "Not by the decree of man, but the will of God." In 1800 he was in distressed circumstances, and George III. granted him a pension of £4000, which he drew for seven years.

In the old English furniture disposed of by Messrs. Christie on Nov. 25 was a pair of Queen Anne settees which came from Bradfield Hall, with double backs, finely decorated with rosettes, shells,

and foliage in gilt plaster-work, on cabriole legs boldly carved with lion masks and claw-feet. The plaster-work is a touch of stucco before the age of imitations. At the same sale were two interesting items—a table and a pair of ebony chairs, the latter carved with amorini, with turned spiral legs and stretchers, and canework seats; the table top was mounted with silver plaques. This furniture of the seventeenth century in the Indo-Portuguese style indicates the fashions that came with Katherine of Braganza, whose dowry brought Bombay to the English by the marriage treaty. Hence the Indo-Portuguese styles which came with the freedom of commerce with the East Indies. In the same sale another outstanding item was a Chippendale mahogany knee-hole writing-table carved with acanthus foliage and a frieze of rosettes, the carving being gilt.

From Newmarket came a series of sporting pictures the property of Major Dermot McCalmont, sold on the 26th at Messrs. Christie's rooms. Alken, that well-known painter of sporting subjects, whose "Beauties and Defects of the Horse" was published in 1821, is represented by some spirited

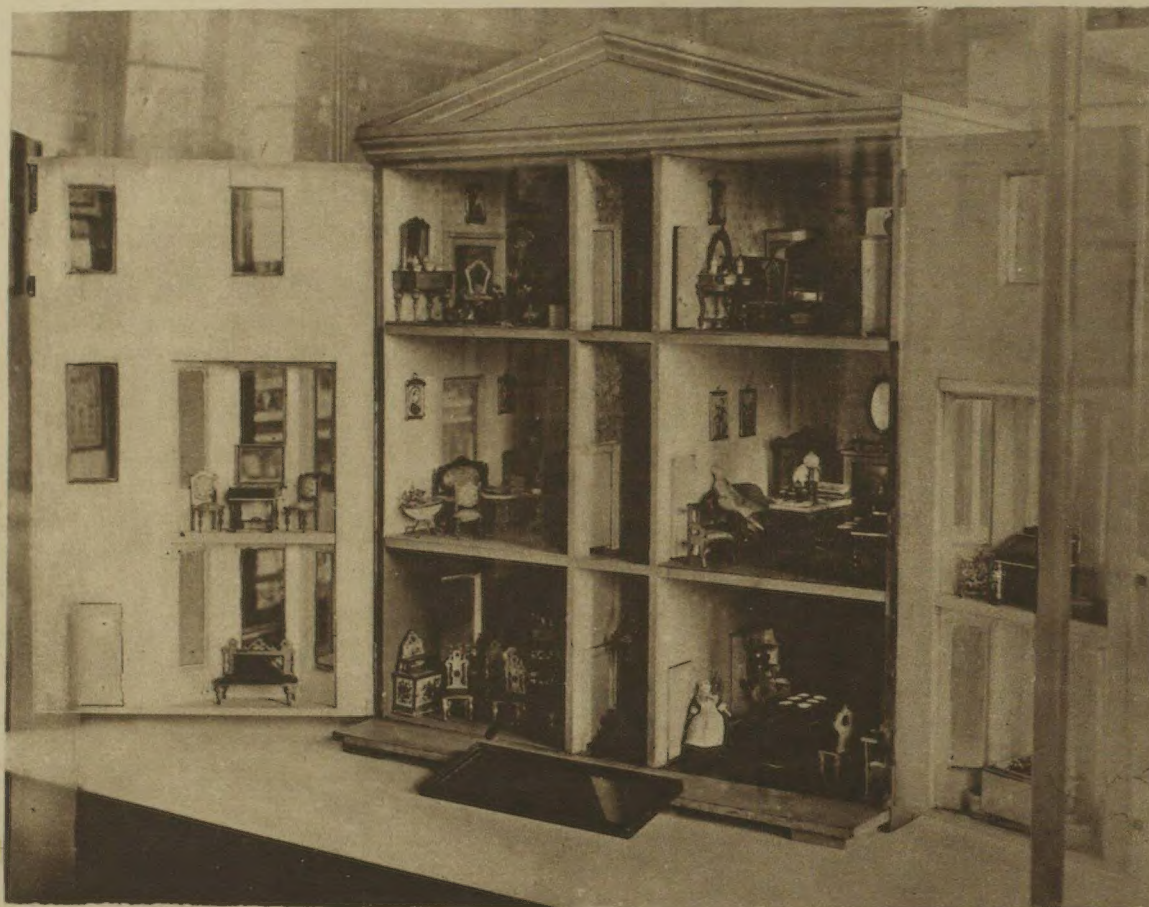
Sandwiched between these racers came George Morland's "The Carrier's Waggon," which was exhibited at Burlington House in 1879, and a Reynolds portrait of Lady Frances Seymour from the collection of the Marquess of Aylesford, 1881. A Kneller, the portrait of James II. in armour, was hall-marked from the collection of Sir Cuthbert Quilter, 1901, and a portrait of Charles II. was from the same source. Sartorius is a name to conjure with in pictorial representations of the Turf, and both father and son were here seen, the latter with a fine canvas, "Seagull" beating the Prince of Wales's "Escape" for the Oaklands Stakes. James Seymour, son of a banker, had several subjects, including the celebrated "Chaise Match against Time" run on Newmarket Heath in 1750. He excelled in his drawing of horses, but his colouring is weak. He is better known in prints by Houston and Burford after him. John Wootton, of middle-

eighteenth century days, had twelve canvases depicting matches on Newmarket Heath and portraits of celebrated racers of his day. It will be remembered that seven pictures of "Fox - Hunting" by him were engraved by Canot. He designed some of the illustrations in the first edition of Gay's "Fables" in 1727, and as a landscape painter his sombre Claude-like subjects are well known.

A three-day sale, commencing on Nov. 30, of French furniture and porcelain of the late Mr. Charles Davis, art expert to the King, is to be conducted by Messrs. Christie. Among other choice items are a pair of Louis XVI. candelabra of nymphs in statuary by Foucou, with ormolu branches, from the collection of the late Baron Arthur de Rothschild, Paris; and a Louis XVI. marqueterie table traditionally said to

have come from the Palace at Versailles. The Marquess of Ripon's collection contributes a set of the Four Seasons in Dresden porcelain; and from that of Lily Duchess of Marlborough comes a Louis XIV. bronze group of Castor and Pollux. From the collection of Lord Tweedmouth is a Louis XV. rock-crystal snuff-box; and of the same period is a gold scent-bottle from the collection of the Duchess of Newcastle.

A further selection of the Lord Taunton heirlooms is to be offered from the library at Bridgewater in a two-days' sale on Dec. 2 and 3 by Messrs. Sotheby. There is the extremely rare first issue of the first edition of Cervantes' "Don Quixote," 1605, and the excessively rare "Briefe and True Report of the New Found Land of Virginia," by Thomas Hariot, 1590. The works of Daniel Defoe, that prolific pamphleteer and fierce controversialist, are offered in seventy-seven volumes, the majority first editions. Other attractive items are Horace Walpole's collection of eighteenth-century "Poems" in twenty-two volumes, and eighteenth-century "Tracts" in fifty-nine volumes, with his manuscript notes. Altogether, this dispersal promises to be of exceptional interest to bibliophiles.



A SOUVENIR OF THE QUEEN'S CHILDHOOD: HER MAJESTY'S OWN DOLLS' HOUSE, LENT BY HER TO THE LONDON MUSEUM.

The Queen's dolls' house, re-arranged and lent by her, has just been placed in the Children's Room (No. XIV.) at the London Museum, where it has attracted great interest. It dates from about 1880, and was given to her Majesty by her mother, the late Duchess of Teck. Portraits of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck, hang in the boudoir on the first floor.

Photograph by L.N.A.

canvases. His knowledge of the anatomy of that animal was more pictorial than that of George Stubbs, who, when Sir Joshua was charging seventy guineas for a portrait "as far as the knees," was paid a hundred for his commissions for race-horses. Stubbs is represented here with his portrait of "Eclipse." He died in 1806, and Alken followed with his "Derby," 1818, with "Sam" winning; and the "Derby," 1822, and "Derby," 1833, with "Dangerous," "Connoisseur," and "Revenge"; "Goodwood," 1833; and "Doncaster," 1839. A portrait of "Zingara," with a grey horse and figures, is by John Frederick Herring, who was a stage coachman and drove the "York and London Highflyer" for four years, devoting his leisure to painting. For thirty-three successive years he painted the winners of the St. Leger. He exhibited at the Royal Academy, and he has a canvas, "The Frugal Meal," hanging in the National Gallery, London. At this sale there came up his portraits of "Queen of Trumps" in a stable with two grooms; "Mango," with jockey up, in a landscape; and "Lottery," winner of the Doncaster Cup, 1824. Ben Marshall, who exhibited at the Royal Academy between 1810 and 1819, is represented by portraits of the racers "Sailor" (1819), "Emilius," "Euclid," "Reveller," "Sir Joshua," and many others.

BY THE ARCHITECT OF THE CENOTAPH: INDIA'S NEW CAPITAL.

BY COURTESY OF SIR EDWIN LUTYENS, A.R.A.



THE WORK OF SIR EDWIN LUTYENS, WHO DESIGNED THE CENOTAPH IN WHITEHALL: GOVERNMENT HOUSE, DELHI, AS IT WILL BE WHEN COMPLETED.



INSIDE THE NEW GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT DELHI: THE INTERIOR OF THE GREAT CIRCULAR DURBAR HALL, WHOSE DOME IS THE CENTRAL FEATURE OF THE SCHEME.

Since Delhi was chosen to be the capital of India, a great new city is arising there, planned on an imperial scale. The fact that the principal architect is the designer of the Cenotaph, Sir Edwin Lutyens, forms an interesting link between London's new national shrine and the future seat of Indian rule. The new Delhi lies about a mile south of the old city, and covers some 36,000 acres. It will house over 50,000 people connected with the Administration. The chief buildings are Government House, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, and the

Secretariats, designed by Sir Herbert Baker, who built the Government buildings at Pretoria, and the Cecil Rhodes monument on Table Mountain. On his return from India last May, Sir Edwin Lutyens stated that the work on the main buildings had then reached a height of about 30 ft., and was actively proceeding, but they will not be ready for occupation, probably, till 1924 or 1925. The Duke of Connaught has arranged to visit Delhi on Feb. 8 and 9, to inaugurate the Chamber of Princes, Council of State, and Imperial Legislative Assembly.

THE NEW DELHI: A CITY TO RIVAL PARIS AND WASHINGTON.

By COURTESY OF SIR EDWIN LUTYENS, A.R.A.



SHOWING ON EITHER SIDE THE SECRETARIAT BUILDINGS AS DESIGNED BY SIR HERBERT BAKER: VICEROY'S COURT, WITH GOVERNMENT HOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND.



PART OF A SCHEME WHICH SUCCESSFULLY BRIDGES THE GAP BETWEEN EASTERN AND WESTERN DESIGN: GUARD HOUSES AND STEPS TO THE COMMEMORATION COLUMN.



"PRODUCING A SIMILAR EFFECT TO THAT OF THE GREAT ASSYRIAN AND BABYLONIAN PALACES": THE PROCESSIONAL WAY, WITH THE SECRETARIATS AND GOVERNMENT HOUSE (IN THE BACKGROUND).

Seldom is a great city planned as a whole on a majestic scale, as happened at Washington and in the rebuilding of Central Paris, and is happening now at Delhi and at Canberra, in Australia. The new Delhi will rival Paris and Washington in spaciousness and dignity, while the splendid tombs of the Mogul Emperors by which it is surrounded will give it a setting of unique magnificence. Describing the new Secretariat buildings, which form two H-shaped blocks, the "Architect" says: "They face each other, and are divided by a

Processional Way. The centre part of the H forms in both buildings a block of about 600 ft. by 450 ft., while the outer side-wings measure some 300 ft. in length on either side, thus giving each group of buildings a total length of approximately 1200 ft. . . . Advantage has been taken of the site to mount the two buildings upon ridges of rock, thereby producing a similar effect to that of the great Assyrian and Babylonian palaces. . . . Their general features are great dignity and breadth . . . A distinctly Eastern effect has been obtained."

A MIGHTY BUILDING IN PROGRESS: THE INDIAN EMPIRE'S "CAPITOL."

BY COURTESY OF SIR EDWIN LUTYENS, A.R.A.



TO BE "THE SEAT OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF 250 MILLIONS OF PEOPLE": SIR EDWIN LUTYENS' DESIGN FOR GOVERNMENT HOUSE, DELHI (EAST ELEVATION)

IN an interesting article on Imperial Delhi, the "Architect" says: "Government House consists of a central block about 255 ft. by 300 ft., connected to two western wings 190 ft. by 170 ft., which are continuous with the main block, and two eastern wings, 190 ft. by 100 ft., joined to the central block by loggias, beneath which are triple carriage-ways leading to the great northern and southern courts. The central block contains the state-rooms on the principal floor, and cloak-rooms, staircases, and other necessary accommodation in the basement. The south-west block forms the Viceroy's wing; the corresponding north-west block is a guest wing, the south-east wing the A.D.C. wing, and the north-east wing an administrative wing.

The wing blocks contain a first floor, but there is nothing above the state-rooms in the central portion of the buildings. The north-west and north-east blocks are connected at the upper basement level by a range of administrative offices. Beneath the upper basement is a lower basement containing kitchens, stores, go-downs, and other necessary service accommodation, which is carried beneath both of the great courtyards. The principal approach from the east is by a great columned portico 120 ft. in breadth, with steps broken by landings leading up to the principal floor. In the middle is the great circular Durbar Hall, some 70 ft. in diameter, the dome of which forms the central feature of the whole group."



A BUILDING WHICH, WHEN COMPLETED, WILL RIVAL IN SPLENDOUR THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON: GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NEW DELHI—THE DESIGN FOR THE PORTICO.

The central and dominant feature of the new city at Delhi will be Government House. As designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, with its great dome over the Durbar Hall and its imposing portico, it will challenge comparison with the Capitol at Washington. "The whole group of buildings," says the "Architect," "should, when completed, form an addition to the great architectural monuments of the world, and commensurate with their purpose—the seat of the administration of 250 millions of people of divers races and creeds which, under the ægis of

our rule, may learn to work in union for the great commonwealth of civilisation. For the first time the verandah surrounding whole groups of buildings, which is destructive of effect, has been abandoned in Indian building. . . . None of the buildings has been elaborated in detail for purposes of display. Here their dignity and effect is due to the skilful means by which the disposition of masses and vistas has been conceived. . . . The result will be an enduring success, and will give an impulse to modern Indian design."

TO ECLIPSE THE MEMORY OF THE MOGULS: DELHI'S RISING GLORIES.

BY COURTESY OF SIR EDWIN LUTYENS, A.R.A.



TO BE THE CENTRE OF A GREAT CITY RISING NEAR THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF THE MOGUL EMPIRE:
GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NEW DELHI, FROM THE SOUTH.

CONTINUING the detailed description of Government House, Delhi, quoted on the previous page, the "Architect" says: "Along the western front are the state dining-rooms, state ball-room, 70 ft. by 60 ft., with colonnaded spaces at the sides, and a second ball-room. The four angles of the central block are occupied by a state drawing-room, state billiard-room, state supper-room, and a state library, and two great stairways between them give access to the east and west courts. The upper basement floor, which is entered by the two sets of triple driving ways alluded to from the eastern front, also has driving-ways from court to court across the central block to east and west

of the side staircases, and in the centre under the Durbar Hall is a great cloakroom centrally situated in respect of the three great staircases and their entrances. . . . A difficult problem—which was to design a building on general classical lines which would at the same time express the spirit of Indian design—has been most successfully solved. To imitate or adapt Mogul architecture would have been to court failure, as the work of many able designers has proved; to give a purely classical or European style would have been to court an equal failure. What Sir Edwin Lutyens has done is to bridge successfully the gap between Eastern and Western design."



IN THE PALACE OF THE FUTURE VICEROYS OF INDIA: THE INTERIOR OF THE STATE BALL-ROOM IN GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
NEW DELHI, AS IT WILL BE WHEN FINISHED.

Delhi has been in former times the capital of several dynasties which have passed away, notably the Mohammedan Indian Empire in the twelfth century, and that of the Great Moguls founded by Baber, who was proclaimed there in 1526. Shah Jehan, a later Mogul, rebuilt the old city in its present form between 1638 and 1658. At Delhi were held the great Durbars of 1877, 1903, and 1911, at which Queen Victoria, King Edward, and King George were respectively proclaimed Empress and Emperors of India. The new capital, with

its successful blending of the East and West in architectural style, will typify the same spirit of conciliation by which British rule in India has endeavoured to bridge the gap between Eastern and Western ideals, and to promote the welfare of vast territories. Throughout most of its previous history, India was a battleground of conflicting races and religions. The Moguls imposed peace by conquest, but the British Raj works by the union of free peoples under just and equal laws. The New Delhi will be symbolic of Anglo-Indian co-operation.

"DOWN ON THE FARM": EXERCISE IN HIS MAJESTY'S NAVY.

FROM THE DRAWING BY CECIL KING.



NOW THAT SAILS HAVE PASSED: RUNNING FOR HEALTH, TO THE MUSIC OF THE SHIP'S BAND.

Describing his drawing, Mr. Cecil King notes: "After the day of sails had passed, various forms of physical training were introduced into the Navy. One method of exercising the ship's company is shown in the drawing. On most mornings, after Prayers, the band takes up a central position on the upper deck

and plays a lively tune. The ship's company then run round the deck in time with the music, which is changed later to a quick step. Needless to say, "Jazz" is amongst the music used, and "Down on the Farm" is a strong favourite on such occasions."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"THE RIGHT TO STRIKE."

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS. By ERNEST HUTCHINSON.

ACT II.

ACT I. APPEARED IN OUR ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 13.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

[One Week elapses between Act I. and Act II.]

The Common-Room at Valleyhead Infirmary.

A large, bright room, almost semi-circular in shape. A large window at the back, the lower half of frosted glass. There is a door up left-centre, leading to the main building; another [right] by which the staff may enter and leave without going into the Infirmary itself. The fire-place is down left. Opposite left-centre is a large table, littered with magazines and newspapers. Between this table and the fire-place are two leather club chairs. There is a book-case against the wall between the door [left] and the fire-place. A green baize notice-board hangs on the wall between the window and the door [left]. Everything is very bright and clean, though the hospital atmosphere is there; there is also a good deal of the comfortable club smoking-room. At present a plain folding-table [right-centre], together with several hard wooden chairs and another green baize notice-board on the wall [right], on which are pinned routes of drivers and time-tables, shows the temporary use to which the room is being put—i.e., the office of the Emergency Transport Volunteers.

It is about 9 o'clock on a fine, autumn morning, a week after the events of the first act.

Two MEDICAL STUDENTS of about 23 are sitting at the folding deal table [right], on duty as Transport Officers. In one of the arm-chairs by the fire sits DR. DONALD, a rather hard-faced, dour Scotsman of 36. He is dressed in a white overall and is reading a newspaper.

THE STUDENT at the head of the table is sharpening a pencil and whistling "Tipperary" very loudly.

2ND M. S. Oh, cheese it, old boy; cheese it!

[THE FIRST MEDICAL STUDENT subsides, but presently breaks forth again, this time with "Mademoiselle from Armentieres."]

Oh, help! What are you whistling all that old stuff for?

1ST M. S. I dunno; I feel like it. Don't you? Isn't it [laughs] just like being back at the war again? Doesn't all this business of chits, and transport orders and [hitting the table] table, folding, deal, one, bring it back to you?

2ND M. S. [Groans.] Oh, my Lord!

1ST M. S. [Producing a packet of Gold Flake cigarettes.] Have a phlegm-cutter?

2ND M. S. Shut up!

1ST M. S. [Sings.]—

"Old soldiers never die, never die;
They simply go on strike duty."

2ND M. S. Well, I hope this strike won't last as long as the war did. It's lasted a week already, and we're no nearer a finish.

1ST M. S. We've got 'em beat, my boy. This is the age of petrol. We can do without railways and railwaymen. Everything is proceeding as per usual, according to plan. [To DR. DONALD.] Is that the local rag, Doctor?

DR. DONALD. It is that eminent organ.

1ST M. S. Anything about the strike in it?

DONALD. Anything! It's all about the strike!

1ST M. S. [Rises.] Is there a picture of me in it?

2ND M. S. It's all strike news—it's not police news. Does it say how long it's going to last, Doctor?

DONALD. The editor's a bit shy this week. Last week he was absolutely certain there wouldn't be a strike. [Rises.] This week he cautiously hints that it may last for months, but he wouldn't be surprised if it collapsed quite suddenly.

2ND M. S. Wonderful thing—the editorial mind!

1ST M. S. Anyhow, we've won the first round. The first mad rush on Paris has been foiled—the element of surprise is gone—John Bull!

[Enter JOHN and ERIC through door up right. They are dressed in nondescript garments, evidently bits of their old Army kit.]

JOHN. [Down centre. Crosses to DOCTOR.] Good morning, everybody.

[Chorus of greeting all round.]

JOHN. Got our chits ready?

2ND M. S. Are you and Dr. Miller on duty this morning?

ERIC. [Centre.] Rather! I'm the spare driver.

1ST M. S. I think you're a hero, Eric, turning out like this. You've been away for years, now you're married and come home, and you land in for all this rotten strike.

ERIC. Bosh! It isn't for long.

2ND M. S. No fear! Their "absolute" strike is just as big a failure as any other strike.

1ST M. S. And don't the men just know it!

2ND M. S. I shan't get a ride down to Bleakley Junction at all. I shall be stuck in this office all the strike.

JOHN. [Below table to right centre.] Well, this office will be the most exciting place this morning. There's going to be a meeting here to try and settle it.

1ST M. S. Hallo! Hallo! The white flag!

JOHN. [Right-centre.] No, it's quite unofficial; it's Walter Dewhurst's doing.

DONALD. [Down a little.] Walter Dewhurst! The railwaymen's M.P.? [Moves to centre.]

JOHN. Yes, he's at last persuaded Ben to come

pronounced Lancashire accent than either ELIZABETH or his wife.]

JOHN. [Up centre.] Good morning, Ben.

BEN. [Up right centre.] Morning to you, Dr.

Wrigley. [Sarcastically, looking at their clothes.] Grand weather for motoring.

JOHN. Beautiful, thank you.

ERIC. How's Rose this morning, Ben?

[MILLER sits right.]

BEN. She's getting near her time, Master Eric, but [looking at DR. MILLER] going on champion, isn't she, Doctor Miller?

MILLER. Yes, of course, Ben. She's doing well; don't you fret.

BEN. [Right centre.] I'm not fretting; she's in good hands. But you're a married man yourself now, Master Eric, and you can guess what it means to me.

ERIC. I'm sorry it should come just now.

BEN. So am I. I'd like to be with her all the time, but duty comes first.

JOHN. Duty? [Comes down below table centre.] BEN. Duty to my mates, Dr. Wrigley; duty to Rose's baby that isn't born; duty to its children after it. Rose is risking her life for them; isn't it up to me to do my bit in mending the world they'll have to live in?

JOHN. [Up to ERIC.] We're all agreed on that. It's the way the working man goes about it that we don't agree with.

BEN. It's the only way the working man knows that you gentlefolks seem to understand.

ERIC. Well, best of luck this morning, Ben. Sir Roger's a Valleyhead man, remember.

BEN. Aye. [Smiles.] And pig-headed, like all of us.

JOHN. You're right there, Ben. We must be starting, Eric.

[ERIC and JOHN go up to door, right.]

ERIC. So long, Ben.

[Exit JOHN by door, right.]

[ERIC is following JOHN, but as he reaches the door BEN calls him.]

BEN. [Up centre.] Master Eric! [Turns up to him.]

ERIC. [Up right centre, stops and turns.] Yes.

BEN. Master Eric, you're your father's son, and I've known you since you were a little nipper. Take an old friend's advice—don't go to Bleakley Junction this morning.

ERIC. [Up centre.] Ben, you wouldn't desert your mates. Don't ask me to desert mine.

BEN. Don't go, Master Eric. It may be great fun for

you young fellows to play at strike breaking, but it's the sort of fun that might easily turn to tragedy for some.

ERIC. I'll risk that, Ben. Thanks very much, all the same. So long, Dad.

[Exit ERIC through door (right) following JOHN.]

BEN. [Turns to DR. MILLER.] Bear in mind, Doctor, that I warned your lad and he wouldn't heed me.

MILLER. [Seated right.] I'm grateful, Ben, but Eric must do as his friends do.

BEN. The class unionism and prejudice that you gentlefolks are always so ready to throw at the working man! Master Eric's the only one I'd speak plain to. [Moves to fireplace, left.]

[Enter WALTER DEWHURST through door (right). He is a short, fair man, with a small moustache and rather thin hair. He reminds one rather of a sparrow, but his manner is ingratiating, and his smile rather charming. He still retains the distinctive burr of a working man, though from what part of the country he comes it would puzzle one to tell.]

DEWHURST. [Centre.] Good-morning, Ben. You're punctual. Good-morning, Dr. Miller.

MILLER. [Rises.] Good-morning, Mr. Dewhurst. Have you brought Sir Roger with you?

DEWHURST. He's outside, having a word with your lad and Dr. Wrigley.

BEN. [Left centre.] Aye, he would be. They're doing his dirty work for him—begging your pardon, Doctor.

DEWHURST. [Centre.] Now, Ben, none of that platform stuff this morning.



BEN (Lauderdale Maitland): Don't go, Master Eric.

Left to right: Mr. Holman Clark; Mr. George Hayes; Mr. Lauderdale Maitland.

in and talk things over with Sir Roger Pilkington, the Chairman.

DONALD. Will it do any good?

JOHN. [Right centre.] They've great hopes. Ben's a sensible fellow away from Montague.

2ND M. S. Montague's not asked?

JOHN. No fear! They want to settle things.

2ND M. S. [Giving JOHN two chits.] Well, here are your chits. [Puts his chair in close to table.]

[ERIC is sitting on table.]

JOHN. [Right centre.] Thanks.

2ND M. S. Report as soon as you get back.

JOHN. We will. [Crosses up to door, right.]

DONALD. My matches!

[JOHN hands matches back to DOCTOR.] Good-bye, laddie. There may be a case to see to in No. 3 Ward.

[Exit DR. DONALD through door, left.]

2ND M. S. Hold on! We'll come with you.

1ST M. S. Tootle-oo, Eric!

ERIC. Farewell, boys.

[Exit two MEDICAL STUDENTS, following DOCTOR out.]

ERIC. Great lads, both of them!

JOHN. [Up right centre.] It's just one big rag to them—like the War was. They refuse to take anything seriously.

ERIC. That's what beat the Hun. Well, let's get off.

[JOHN and ERIC go up to door (right), but before they reach it, DR. MILLER and BEN enter by it. BEN is a thick-set, sturdy man of, thirty; very slow, rather suspicious of strangers, but very honest and straight when he has satisfied himself that no one is trying to do him. He speaks with a much more

BEN. You weren't above it, Walter Dewhurst, till you wrote "M.P." after your name.

DEWHURST. I'm not above it now, Ben, on the platform. In the House of Commons, it means empty benches.

BEN. Aye! They'll listen to aught there except the truth.

DEWHURST. [Laughing.] I'm beginning to learn, Ben, that it's the easiest thing to listen to, but the most difficult thing to talk.

BEN. 'Appen that's why you're so quiet nowadays, Walter?

[Enter SIR ROGER PILKINGTON through door (right), the Chairman of the Valley-

head Railway Company. He is sixty, bearded, and inclined to stoutness. A reasonable, straight man, whose ambition is to get things done quietly and without fussiness—a typical example of the rapidly disappearing private employer of the best sort.]

SIR ROGER. [Shakes hands with DOCTOR.] Good-morning, Dr. Miller. I've just been wishing your boy God-speed. Ah, good-morning Ben, I'm glad you've come.

BEN. Good-morning, Sir Roger.

MILLER. Now, you gentlemen want to talk business. You don't want an outsider, so I'll say good-bye. [Goes up to SIR ROGER, right side of him, and shakes hands. Takes his hat from table and gets up to door; then comes down to SIR ROGER and DEWHURST.] I am sure that if a solution to this unfortunate strike can be found, my two old friends are the men to find it. [Shakes hand.]

SIR ROGER. [Up to him.] Wait a minute, please, Doctor; I think if you can spare the time we will ask you to stay.

MILLER. [Up right.] But I'm an outsider.

SIR ROGER. [Up right centre.] That's just why. The strike is hitting the outside public as much as us. Ben and I are interested parties, so's Mr. Dewhurst, in a way. You represent the public, and that's a side that's often forgotten in these disputes, and perhaps our talk may be a bit more reasonable if you're in the room. What do you say, Mr. Dewhurst?

DEWHURST. [Above table.] I think it's an excellent suggestion, Sir Roger.

SIR ROGER. And you, Ben?

BEN. [Beckons DR. MILLER over and places his chair round fire.] Aye, come along. I'll trust our doctor any time to see fair play.

MILLER. [Right centre.] If you all wish it!

SIR ROGER. We do. [Follows DR. MILLER across and sits in chair indicated by BEN.]

DEWHURST. Well, let's sit down and get to business. I think over here is more comfortable.

[DEWHURST gets chair. BEN gets chair.]

[DEWHURST goes left. SIR ROGER follows, and sits in the chair which he pulls round to face audience. DR. MILLER sits in the other arm-chair on SIR ROGER's left, his back to the fireplace. DEWHURST and BEN bring chairs from other parts of the room and sit, DEWHURST next to SIR ROGER, facing the audience, BEN on his right, almost facing DR. MILLER. The atmosphere of the meeting is informal and friendly.]

I think we might smoke, too. I don't know about you gentlemen, but it always helps me to get a knot untied. That's the great drawback of the House, to my mind—perhaps that's the reason I'm not on my feet as often as my friend Ben would like. [Produces cigarette-case.] A cigarette, Sir Roger?

SIR ROGER. [Producing a briar pipe.] I'll smoke a pipe, if you don't mind.

BEN. [Producing another pipe.] A pipe for me, too, Walter.

[DR. MILLER also produces a pipe.]

DEWHURST. Doctor? [Offers cigarettes.] What? All pipe-smokers?

DR. MILLER. I'm afraid we're a bit old-fashioned in Valleyhead, Mr. Dewhurst. [Laughs.]

[SIR ROGER gives BEN his pouch. BEN fills his pipe from it during the following.]

DEWHURST. Well, I think you're a bit too go-ahead sometimes.

SIR ROGER. Before we begin to talk, it is only fair to you, Ben, and you, Mr. Dewhurst, to know that I am here purely as a private individual. The Board have no official cognisance of this meeting. I was asked to come to it by Mr. Dewhurst, and, as I don't wish to neglect the slightest loophole that may lead to a settlement of this deplorable strike, I came. But I want you to understand that I can give no guarantee or promise that whatever agreement we may arrive at—and I sincerely trust we shall arrive at some agreement—will be accepted by my Board. I give you my word, though, I shall use my utmost personal influence to secure their assent. That is my position. [All look at BEN. Pause.]

BEN. [Returns pouch.] I'm here on my own, too. Some of my mates know I've come, though Walter didn't want me to tell anyone. The men are solid in this—we're as one man. I don't wish, or intend, to go behind anyone's back.

DEWHURST. I don't ask you to, Ben. You've got the confidence of the Valleyhead men far more than I—the official representative of the Union—have. If the men all know of this meeting and nothing comes of it, their confidence in you begins to go. I don't want it to. You're steady and you're reasonable—your successor might be neither. It's you I'm studying, though you won't believe it.



DR. WRIGLEY (Charles Kenyon): You b—— murderers!

Left to right: Mr. Kenneth Kent; Mr. Charles Kenyon; Mr. Reginald Deaham; Mr. Lauderdale Maitland.

MILLER. Does Gordon Montague know you're here this morning?

BEN. No.

MILLER. I'm glad.

SIR ROGER. Well, we're clear as to our position?

DEWHURST. Quite clear.

SIR ROGER. I'm ready to listen to any proposals that you, Ben, or you, Mr. Dewhurst, wish to make.

DEWHURST. I'm afraid we've come with no cut-and-dried proposals, Sir Roger. Our—my—idea was more to see if you would be willing to accept some form of arbitration, and, if so, whether we couldn't agree on a personnel that would command the confidence of both sides. I may remind you, of course, that the Ministry of Labour has the power to appoint an independent arbitrator. But what's the use of an arbitrator wasting his time in coming to a decision that neither side is prepared to abide by?

BEN. We don't want any outside interference. We can settle this in Valleyhead.

DEWHURST. That's just what you apparently can't do. If you could settle it in Valleyhead, I, for one, would be only too delighted.

BEN. We'd have settled it now if you'd supported us, Walter Dewhurst.

DEWHURST. That's false, Ben. The Union is paying you and holding the ring for you. Sir Roger was ready to bring in outside labour—we've prevented that. You struck against the advice of your own leaders, yet now you've struck, we're helping you all we can.

BEN. Will you call a general strike for the fifteen shillings?

DEWHURST. No!

BEN. You'll have to in the end.

DEWHURST. Not till we're convinced that all other means of obtaining it are exhausted.

BEN. "All other means"—that's talk and nothing but talk in London. You've been talking for three months. Well, while you've been talking, we've been acting. We've struck. If we win, the whole country will share in our victory. If we lose, you may talk yourselves black in the face, you won't ever get a farthing from the Companies. It's your battle we're fighting, Walter Dewhurst!

SIR ROGER. If every railway in the kingdom will grant the fifteen shillings, we are willing to give it, but not before. After all, we're a very tin-pot line compared to the big Companies.

BEN. Tin-pot line or not, we've a stranglehold on t' district we serve that no other line has.

MILLER. It seems a bit unfair on those who live in the district.

[SIR ROGER laughs.]

BEN. It's damnably unfair, but whose fault is it? The Company have defeated every attempt to compete with them in the past, and built themselves up with a monopoly on you. They forged the weapon—now we're using it!

SIR ROGER. The Company are the district. Some of your own mates, Ben, are shareholders.

BEN. Precious few. Railwaymen haven't much chance of joining the investing public.

DEWHURST. Aren't we rather getting away from the point?

SIR ROGER. No, we're just clearing the air a bit, aren't we, Ben?

BEN. Aye—you can put it that way, Sir Roger.

DEWHURST. Are you prepared, Sir Roger, to concede seven-and-six if the men resume work at once?

SIR ROGER. No.

DEWHURST. Wait a bit. This concession to be given on the distinct understanding by the men that they will abide by the decision reached in London by the Committee now considering the whole question, whatever it is.

BEN. Supposing they gave us nowt?

DEWHURST. I don't think they will. I speak with a certain amount of knowledge.

BEN. [Turns to DEWHURST.] Suppose they gave us nowt, and all the railwaymen in the country refused to abide by it?

DEWHURST. It would be a subject for a ballot.

BEN. I know how it would go here—however it went elsewhere. We should be no better off than we are now; worse, in fact, for I guess the Union would disown us. No, win or lose, we settle it this time.

SIR ROGER. I think, Mr. Dewhurst, that neither Ben nor I are disposed to discuss terms, however plausible, just at the minute. I think we had better stick to what you said at first and try and arrange for some form of arbitration. The arbitrators, if we can agree on their appointment, must find a workable peace treaty.

DEWHURST. Are you willing to go so far with Sir Roger, Ben?

BEN. [Pause.] Aye, I'll meet him that far. A few more talking won't hurt any of us.

SIR ROGER. What lines does your proposal follow, Mr. Dewhurst?

DEWHURST. A very small committee from both sides—the smaller the better—was my idea. The Ministry of Labour to appoint an independent chairman.

BEN. Who would appoint our representatives—the Union?

DEWHURST. That we would leave for you and the Valleyhead members to decide.

BEN. We'd rather have Valleyhead men to settle Valleyhead troubles.

SIR ROGER. That's my feeling. Our representatives would be all Valleyhead men.

BEN. London's a bit out of favour in Lancashire to-day.



MR. LEON M. LION
as Gordon Montague.

DEWHURST. A big cheque came from London last week that wasn't exactly unpopular.

BEN. Aye, and there's none so little a cheque been going up to London for the past few years. Fair does, Walter!

DEWHURST. [Rises.] May I take it, then, that you are both agreeable to the appointment of a committee of, say, six—three from each side—to continue to-day's discussion?

SIR ROGER. [Pause.] You may.

DEWHURST. Ben!

BEN. [Turning to DEWHURST.] I'll recommend it to our lads. If they're agreeable, I'll send you three names to-night.

DEWHURST. I'll see the Minister of Labour myself to-morrow about the appointment of a chairman. There's no reason work shouldn't be resumed in three days.

SIR ROGER. The sooner the better.

BEN. Aye. [Rises, crosses right, and gets his hat.]

DEWHURST. [To DR. MILLER.] I think I see daylight. I don't regret this morning's work. [Crosses to MILLER.]

DEWHURST rises with a sigh of relief. SIR ROGER and DR. MILLER also rise and put away their pipes.

MILLER. [Rises.] I'm sure it's been most interesting. I'm sure everybody in Valleyhead will be grateful to you, Mr. Dewhurst.

[Enter GORDON MONTAGUE through door, right. He looks round rather anxiously.]

[BEN rises and crosses to right.]

MONTAGUE. Good-morning, everybody. [Comes centre.]

DEWHURST. [Left centre. Shortly.] Good-morning.

MONTAGUE. [Drops down right centre.] What's been going on here?

DEWHURST. [Left centre.] That, Sir, is entirely our own affair.

[DR. MILLER is left.]

SIR ROGER. [Up left centre, to DEWHURST.] Who is this impetuous young man?

MONTAGUE. [Right centre.] My name is Gordon Montague, Sir Roger—no doubt known to you.

SIR ROGER. [Up at table, left.] I've read some of your speeches.

MONTAGUE. [Right centre.] This is your doing, Dewhurst. You've been angling to get Ben Ormerod into this hole-and-corner meeting all the week. [To BEN, who still remains seated.] I warned you, Ben, against this sweet talk. Politician and capitalist—they're both allies against us. What have they persuaded you into?

[DEWHURST and MILLER are left. SIR ROGER is above table, centre. BEN is down right.]

MILLER. [Crosses to centre and pats MONTAGUE on shoulder. Quietly.] There has been no persuasion, Mr. Montague; only, I believe, a little Valleyhead common-sense is going to settle the strike sooner than you think. [Moves up centre and to left of SIR ROGER.]

MONTAGUE. [To BEN a little.] Ben, what have they made you promise?

BEN. [Right.] I've promised nowt.

DEWHURST. [Crosses to him.] Again, Sir, I ask you what business this is of yours?

[DOCTOR gets up to SIR ROGER.]

MONTAGUE. It's the business of every independent, honest man who hates to see his weaker brethren imposed upon. I suppose they've persuaded you into some confounded conference.

[DEWHURST gets up right centre.]

BEN. [Right.] Aye—we're to have a meeting—three of them, three of us.

MONTAGUE. And a chairman appointed by the Government. Good God, Ben, you've been had like every workman is when he tries to fight brains with their own weapon. A conference! Do you think you three will have a dog's chance when it comes to talking? Use your own weapon—action! action!—that's what beats them! That's what is beating them now, and that's what you're going to lay down in favour of talk! Whilst

you're on strike they're helpless—once they get you talking you're licked. This strike is successful—why? Because it is a strike—an absolute strike. [Up to table, centre.] Do you think that rubbishy motor service is going to break it? It won't be running to-morrow—I doubt if it will be allowed to run to-day—the men are taking care of that.

MILLER. [Left centre. Anxiously.] What do you mean?

MONTAGUE. What I say. Do you think several hundred railwaymen are going to let a few temporary motor drivers blackleg them? [To BEN.] They've got you here and buttered you up because they know they're beaten. We're winning hands down, and when we've won, we'll call a conference and lay down the terms.

[Up to table.]

SIR ROGER. [At end of table, left centre.] For one who doesn't believe in talk, you're fairly eloquent, young man.

[DEWHURST laughs and drops down right.]

MONTAGUE. [At end of table.] I've brains, and I'm helping the wrong side, you mean? Why don't you call me a traitor to my class straight out?

[DEWHURST moves to BEN a little.]

BEN. [Crosses up to MONTAGUE. Slowly.] There's a lot in what you say, Mr. Montague. You've rather put into words what I've felt all along.

[DEWHURST moves right.]

[Enter JOHN WRIGLEY by door (right). He is covered in mud and without his cap. His head is roughly bandaged and his face is scratched. He comes slowly into the room and faces BEN and MONTAGUE.]

JOHN. You b—— murderers!

[The two MEDICAL STUDENTS have followed him in. The SECOND MEDICAL STUDENT comes between JOHN and BEN and SIR ROGER, as if fearing JOHN will strike the others.]

2ND. M. S. Steady, old man, steady!

SIR ROGER. What's happened? [A step forward.]

JOHN. [Right centre.] Eric's killed—that's what happened!

[SIR ROGER back again to left.]

[JOHN sinks into a chair. There is a horrified pause.]

BEN. We warned you.

JOHN. [Bitterly.] You warned us! It's all very simple. Somebody stretched a wire cable across the bottom of the brow. We ran into it before we could pull up. I was flung clear—Eric wasn't. We've only just got him out. My God! [Buries his face in his hands.]

DEWHURST. [Down to him from up right.] Ben, what do you know of this?

BEN. They were blacklegs. We warned them all along. You can't play with the men for ever, Mr. M.P.

DEWHURST. It's not English!

MONTAGUE. [Above table.] It's as English as starving the strikers' women and children to death, as Capital has claimed the right to do in the past, and as you, Sir Roger, claim the right to do to-day. [Moves a little to SIR ROGER.]

SIR ROGER. No.

MONTAGUE. Yes, you do, and if we grant it, as we must, we claim the right to refuse our work, and thank God we're organised enough to prevent it being done. The right to strike is ours, and, by God! we'll strike properly.

[JOHN rises and faces MONTAGUE.]

JOHN. [A little to right centre.] Because you're a powerful, organised Union, you claim the right to strike against the rest of the community, and kill any

of us who dispute that right? Well—I belong to a Union, and a more powerful one than any workman's. [Moves to right.] And, by God! if that's your teaching, I'll better it. You've just killed one of our members—my best friend.

[DR. MILLER, supported by DR. DONALD, enters slowly through door (right). He is deathly white and much shaken.]

[Pause.] [Comes to centre, and continues slowly and deliberately.] I will not attend any railwayman or any railwayman's family whilst this strike continues! Nor will any doctor in Valleyhead, nor in the whole country when the facts are known. [Faces BEN.] Now, Mr. Working-man!

BEN. You daren't! You must, by Act of Parliament.

JOHN. Daren't we? We'll see! [Addresses DR. MILLER, DR. DONALD, and the two MEDICAL STUDENTS.] Who's with me in this? [Crosses to them down right.]

1ST. M. S. I am.

2ND. M. S. And I.

DONALD. [Crosses right centre.] And I. [To above JOHN.]

[The two MEDICAL STUDENTS go to JOHN.

DR. DONALD crosses and takes his place beside JOHN. Only DR. MILLER remains by the door, right.]

JOHN. Eric—my best pal—your son!

[DR. MILLER slowly crosses and takes his place by JOHN as the curtain falls.]

[BEN drops his eyes.]

CURTAIN.

One week elapses between Act II. and Act III.



DR. WRIGLEY (Charles Kenyon): I will not attend any railwayman or any railwayman's family whilst this strike continues!

Left to right: Mr. Kenneth Kent; Mr. Reginald Denham; Mr. Charles Kenyon; Mr. Olaf Hytten; Mr. Lauderdale Maitland; Mr. Leon M. Lion; Mr. Arthur Ewart; Mr. Holman Clark; Mr. Bassett Roe.

DEWHURST. [Left.] Your promise, Ben.

MONTAGUE. "Your promise!" I thought so! [Goes up to above table.]

BEN. [Moves to edge of table.] I made no promise, Walter. I said I'd recommend it to the lads, and so I will, but not just yet. Happen another week or so of the strike may save a deal of this talk later.

MILLER. Ben!

[Voices are heard outside. DR. DONALD enters through door. He looks anxiously round.]

DONALD. Dr. Miller. [Comes to right centre.]

MILLER. [Crosses up to DONALD.] What's the matter, Donald?

DONALD. Please let me speak to you at once.

BEN. [Right of table.] Don't go, Doctor.

[DEWHURST moves up right towards door.]

MILLER. [Up right centre.] What do you mean?

BEN. Remember, I warned him.

DONALD. Doctor—quick!

[DR. DONALD and DR. MILLER go out through door, right.]

SIR ROGER. [Left centre. To MONTAGUE.] What devilry have you been up to now?

MONTAGUE. [Comes down above table. Quite self-possessed.] We warned you we were in earnest over this strike. You wouldn't believe it. Whatever's happened, you're responsible.

SIR ROGER. [Left centre to BEN.] Ben, what lunatic work is this?

BEN. [Right of table.] We're out to win, Sir Roger. I stand by my mates.

THE QUEEN MOTHER AND HER "COMPTROLLER": A LIFELONG FRIENDSHIP.

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. RUSSELL AND SONS, LONDON.



ASSOCIATED IN COURT LIFE FOR NEARLY FIFTY YEARS: QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND GENERAL SIR DIGHTON PROBYN, V.C., COMPTROLLER OF HER HOUSEHOLD, WHO BECAME EQUERRY TO KING EDWARD (THEN PRINCE OF WALES) IN 1872.

As Princess of Wales, Queen Consort, and now as Queen Mother, Queen Alexandra has ever commanded loyalty and devotion. A striking example is afforded by Sir Dighton Probyn's long and honourable career in the royal service. For the last ten years he has been in close attendance on her Majesty as her Comptroller of the Household, to which post he was appointed in 1910. But their friendship dates back much further than that. It was in 1872—nine years after her marriage—that he first became Equerry to King Edward (then Prince of Wales), whom he accompanied in his Indian tour of 1875-6, and to whom, from 1877

to 1901, he was Keeper of the Privy Purse. From 1901 to 1910 he was an Extra Equerry to King Edward, and he has since been an Extra Equerry to King George. Sir Dighton Probyn, who is now eighty-seven, won his V.C. in the Indian Mutiny. He was born in 1833, entered the Bengal Army in 1849, and served on the trans-Indus frontier from 1852 to 1857. After the Mutiny he served in China, the Umbeyla Campaign, and on the North-West Frontier. He attained the rank of General in 1888. In 1872 he married Miss Letitia Thellusson, who died in 1900.

OUGHT JELlicoe TO HAVE RISKED ALL TO DESTROY THE GERMAN FLEET? JUTLAND—A CAUSE OF CONTROVERSY.

FROM THE PAINTING BY NORMAN WILKINSON, R.I.



"THE FIRE OF THE 'IRON DUKE' . . . WAS SEEN TO BE IMMEDIATELY EFFECTIVE": THE FLAG-SHIP COMING INTO ACTION AT JUTLAND. AT 6.30 P.M., MAY 31, 1916.

For many weeks a storm of controversy has raged among naval experts over the Battle of Jutland. Its origin was the Admiralty's announcement, on October 27, that "it was not now proposed to publish an official account of the battle": but that "all the material prepared by the Admiralty would be placed at the disposal of Sir Julian Corbett," for his "Naval History of the War." Eventually, after much discussion and questioning, the Prime Minister announced on November 5 that the Jutland papers would be laid before the House. A few days later he said: "The papers promised will include the full despatches and all special instructions and orders. . . . As regards the 'battle orders,' . . . in the interests of naval efficiency these must be kept secret." The Press controversy developed into an argument between those who urged that Lord Jellicoe should have risked all to destroy the German Fleet, regardless of mines and torpedoes,

and (on the other hand) those who uphold his actual strategy and point out the different conditions of modern naval war as compared with Nelson's day. Vice-Admiral Mark Kerr, in particular, forcibly vindicated Lord Jellicoe's action, and wrote with scorn of the "army of pen strategists." Our illustration is based on the following passage in Lord Jellicoe's book, "The Grand Fleet, 1914-16": "At 6.30 p.m. it became certain that . . . the vessels then before the beam were battle-ships of the König class. The order was, therefore, given to open fire, and the 'Iron Duke' engaged what appeared to be the leading battle-ship at a range of 12,000 yards. . . . The fire of the 'Iron Duke' was seen to be immediately effective." The ships following her in the drawing are (from left to right) the "Royal Oak," "Superb," "Canada," "Benbow," and "Bellerophon."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]

NO LONGER FORBIDDEN! EVEREST TO BE CLIMBED.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY E.N.A.



29,140 FEET HIGH, BY THE LATEST CALCULATIONS: MOUNT EVEREST, THE GIANT OF THE HIMALAYAS
AND EARTH'S LOFTIEST SUMMIT.

Hitherto the Indian Government has forbidden attempts to climb Everest, for fear of political complications with Nepal or Tibet. Even the Duke of the Abruzzi, who just before the war climbed the Bride Peak (25,110 ft.), the highest point yet reached in the Himalayas, could not obtain permission to try Everest. The Nepalese, it is thought, would oppose any attempt from their territory, but it is now expected that the Tibetans, who raised no objection to the Indian Survey's recent work in their country, will agree to the scheme. With the Survey's help, an expedition is being planned by the Alpine Club, which will organise the

climbing, and the Royal Geographical Society, in charge of the scientific side. It is hoped that the Indian Government will lend aeroplanes for scouting purposes. The Indian Survey has re-calculated the height of Everest and now puts it at 29,140 ft. instead of 29,002 ft., as hitherto. It has also proved that the mountain has no native name, that of Deva-dhunga (God's Seat), previously accepted by Continental geographers, being only the name of a smaller neighbouring peak. The English name, given sixty-three years ago, commemorates Sir G. Everest, the first Director of the Indian Survey.

THE "UNITER" OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND: A GAINSBOROUGH.

By Courtesy of the Owner and Messrs. THOS. AGNEW AND SONS.



THE GEM OF THE EXHIBITION OF ENGLISH OLD MASTERS IN AID OF THE NATION'S FUND FOR NURSES:
THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH'S PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM PITT.

Some fine Gainsboroughs form the chief attraction at the Exhibition of English Old Masters, held in aid of the Nation's Fund for Nurses, and recently opened in Messrs. Agnew's galleries at 43, Old Bond Street. Most interesting of all is the portrait of the great Prime Minister, William Pitt the Younger, which we are enabled to reproduce by the courtesy of Messrs. Agnew and the owner of the picture. As one critic points out, it shows Gainsborough "interested, but not in the least overawed by his subject. Pitt to him is like any other sitter, and nothing is forced, to imply the statesman." Pitt holds his political credentials

in his hand. The paper bears the words: "The Right Hon. William Pitt, First Lord of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer, etc." He first held the latter office in 1782, at the age of twenty-three. In December 1783, while still under twenty-five, he came into power after a Coalition formed by North and Fox had failed, and assumed the two offices mentioned. Gainsborough was then at the height of his fame as a portrait-painter. Present events lend interest to the fact that it was Pitt who, in 1800, carried through the Act of Union of Great Britain and Ireland, after the Irish rebellion, which had begun two years before.

Pathways Through the Mound of Wreaths: Bowers of Blossom at the Cenotaph.

GROWN SO LARGE THAT ALLEYS WERE FORMED THROUGH IT AT EACH END: THE GREAT PILE OF WREATHS
AT THE FOOT OF THE CENOTAPH.

Long after the ceremonies of Armistice Day, the great pilgrimage to the Cenotaph continued, and the mound of wreaths and flowers at the base grew so enormous that, in order to facilitate inspection and show them to better advantage, alley ways were cut through at each end, banked with blossom on either side. On Saturday, November 20, the tenth day of the pilgrimage, the queues of people

waiting to pass by the Cenotaph were as large as at any time during the previous week, and many more floral offerings were made. The wreaths deposited by the King, the Prince of Wales, and the Prime Minister had been mounted on easels. On Sunday, November 21, the Salvation Army held a service at the Cenotaph. [PHOTOGRAPH BY SPORT AND GENERAL.]

A First Step Towards "The Parliament of Man": The Geneva Conclave.

"IT MOVES: IT IS DOING THINGS: THE LEAGUE LIVES": THE FIRST SESSION OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, IN THE SALLE DE LA REFORMATION AT GENEVA ON NOVEMBER 15, 1920.

The League of Nations held its first meeting in the Salle de la Reformation, a bare and austere building, at Geneva, on November 15. M. Hymans, of Belgium, presided, and was elected as the definite President. On his right sat M. Motta, President of the Swiss Confederation, who delivered an address of welcome to the delegates, to which M. Hymans replied. Six Commissions were appointed to deal

with various questions. Lord Robert Cecil took a prominent part. He supported the application of Austria, Bulgaria, Albania, and Azerbaijan for membership, but emphatically denied that he wished the admission of Germany. M. Paderewski (seen in the third row of our photograph, third from left) spoke on Danzig. To an interviewer he said: "It moves: it is doing things: the League lives."

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. H. JULLIEN, SUPPLIED BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

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BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

THERE is no halfway house between the biography and the character-sketch—hence the failure to grip and interest of the "kit-kats" of business personages in "MODERN MEN OF MARK" (Herbert Jenkins; 21s. net), by Mrs. Stuart Menzies. The book is supposed to contain the romantic life stories of such cosmical characters as Lord Northcliffe, Lord Leverhulme, and Sir Joseph Pease, but all we get in each case is a little heap of the dust of circumstance, not big enough to satiate the meagre soul of a student of Samuel Smiles, and with never a glint of the self-interpreting saying or anecdote, or the epigram which is a lightning-flash of revelation. Mrs. Menzies tells you how these men made their money, not how they made themselves and why. How refreshing it is to turn to "SUPERS AND SUPERMEN" (Fisher Unwin; 15s. net), by Philip Guedalla, who compares his zest in biography-writing to that of the big-game hunter! After dealing last week with a well-written memoir of Mr. Arthur Balfour, I came on a brief notice of it by Mr. Guedalla—and lo! in a few pithy sentences, each coming over like the straight lefts and any-angle rights of a first-rate boxer, he had not only appreciated Mr. Raymond's artistry, but also settled Mr. Balfour's business (as the grammarian settled "hoti's"), getting all of him that matters into one of his own half-sheets of note-paper! In "Supers and Supermen" he is perhaps more concerned with institutions than with living personages—Disraeli, for example, must now rank as an institution comparable with the Foreign Office "whispering from its towers the last enchantment of the middle-class" (I wish I had thought of that!) some of whose secreted secretaries Mr. Guedalla plays with. The whole book coruscates with epigrams of all kinds, ranging from the joyous Wilde word-play, the secret of which is generally lost, to such a profound truth as the saying that "the history of the Roman Empire is the history of the Roman frontier," which is assuredly one of the master keys to the meaning of Roman antiquity. More than any other writer I know of, Mr. Guedalla realises Brunetière's idea of history as the art of living in centuries gone by, and that is why he can make Alfred the Great as real to us as Lord Northcliffe, and Delane as

intriguing as Delilah (the latest star of Murray's, I mean), and explain why Lady Hamilton never ought to be omitted from a Nelson column in the daily journals. He handles the rapier of French wit or the bludgeon of British good-humour with equal dexterity; nothing and nobody—except Ronnie Poulton, the greatest centre three ever seen and a great man in becoming—escapes his shrewd, insinuating strokes. Let all read his book who wish to arise from the reading both gladder and wiser men.

We lack even Plutarchan portraits of Lenin, Trotsky, and the other protagonists of the Russian Revolution. Kerensky we have seen, and, since we could not furnish him with the orchestral instrument he required to be effective—a mob, to wit, with the Slav temperament for him to play on—we thought him something less than the *Vox et præterea nihil* overheard by contemptuous opponents. He had not to me the look of a man of action; yet, if he had been only a man of transaction, he could have made the Russian world safe for democracy even after the arrival of Lenin. There is no parallel to Kerensky among the famous persons of the French revolutionary drama, a few of whom are now emerging from the emotional fog that has so long brooded over that deliberately-engineered explosion. Robespierre and Marat we can see now as human beings, who were but weapons in the hands of a strong and subtle oligarchy at work behind the scenes, and it has taken us more than a century to reach that first plane of historic truth! Will it take as long to discover the true lineaments of Lenin and Trotsky? Not so long, perhaps; for in Russia, at any rate, the emotional fog has already cleared away, leaving the apostles of high-speed Communism in the icy light of unsympathetic criticism. The Russian and the French Revolutions are more easily contrasted than compared. The difference between them is exemplified by the difference between Karl Marx and Rousseau; the former a systematic thinker like Hegel, reducing all history to a struggle of blind economic forces, frozen agonies of materialistic ideas, and making the essential human being less human than the "economic man" of Adam Smith and our classic economists.

In "THE PRACTICE AND THEORY OF BOLSHIEVISM" (Allen and Unwin; 6s. net), Mr. Bertrand Russell, who was in Russia with the British Labour Delegation, gives us certainly well-composed and perhaps well-observed portraits of the two Bolshvist leaders. He found Lenin a simple and direct person, without a trace of *hauteur*, with a habit of screwing up one eye (which seemed to increase the penetrating power of the other alarmingly) in order to inspect a visitor closely. He laughed a great deal; at first his laugh seemed friendly, but gradually came to be felt as rather grim. "He is dictatorial," Mr. Russell proceeds, "calm, incapable of fear, extraordinarily devoid of self-seeking, an embodied theory. The materialist conception of history, one feels, is his life-blood. He resembles a professor in his desire to have the theory understood and in his fury with those who misunderstand or disagree, as also in his love of expounding. I got the impression that he despises a great many people and is an intellectual aristocrat." Mr. Russell found Trotsky a far more human type, though less impressive in character—Lenin, like Robespierre in his day, seems to impress, nay obsess, everybody who meets him with a sense of character menacing in its power, like a toppling crag. "He (Trotsky) has bright eyes, military bearing, lightning intelli-

gence, and magnetic personality. He is very good-looking, with admirable wavy hair; one feels he would be irresistible to women. I felt in him a vein of gay good-humour, so long as he was not crossed in any way. I thought, perhaps wrongly, that his vanity was even greater than his love of power—the sort of vanity that one associates with an artist or actor. The comparison with Napoleon was forced upon one." Wherever in history two men have been associated in some foreboding task (like



THE MODERN NOTE IN OMAR HEROINES' DRESS: A RONALD BALFOUR ILLUSTRATION.

Some of Mr. Ronald Balfour's illustrations to Omar Khayyam were done when he was little more than seventeen. Those most resembling the Aubrey Beardsley style, were done before he had ever seen any of Beardsley's work. The above drawing faces Stanza XLIX.

'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays:
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

By Courtesy of the Artist, Mr. Ronald Balfour, and the Publishers, Messrs. Constable.

a figure-of-eight spider in its web of shaken circumstance) one has been gifted with that streak of feminism, which runs fitfully through the character of Napoleon the Great. It would be wrong to dismiss Mr. Russell's characters as merely the impressions of a rather abstruse "Don" with a kink in his philosophic vision and far more knowledge of pure mathematics than of the world of men. It is part of the everyday business of "Dons" to study character in being and in becoming, and I know of no class of men who are more uncannily correct in estimating human values at a glance. As a confutation of Bolshivism, theoretical and applied, Mr. Russell's book supplements Mrs. Philip Snowden's.

Perhaps our love of sport—bringing with it the quality of sportsmanship, which is chivalry under a new name—is the best safeguard against black-and-red revolution in this country. Those who read "RIGHT ROYAL" (Heinemann; 6s. net), by John Masefield, with its joyous hero and heroine, open-air, early-morning people—

Lovely England's hands had fashioned them—will laugh at the idea that this land of ancient liberties could ever be wrecked at the behest of a few long-haired men and short-haired women plotting in an atmosphere of Yiddish and fried fish. A cricket or football eleven, a combination unthinkable in Russia, is itself a confutation of the idea of equality at the root of Communism. Mr. Masefield gave us his epic of fox-hunting a year ago; now we have his epic of racing, the other spectacular sport in which social extremes meet on the best of terms.



OMAR'S WOMEN IN MODERN ATTIRE: THE WORK OF A NEW ILLUSTRATOR OF THE "RUBAIYAT."

Mr. Ronald Balfour, a young artist who is a cousin of Mr. A. J. Balfour, has illustrated a new edition of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" (Constable). A distinctive point about his work is the note of modern fashion in the feminine figures. The above drawing faces Stanza LXVII.

"Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And Wash my Body whence the Life has died,
And in a Windsheet of Vine-leaf wrap,
So bury me by some sweet Garden-side."

By Courtesy of the Artist, Mr. Ronald Balfour, and the Publishers, Messrs. Constable.



Kenilworth Cigarettes are made of mellow golden Virginia leaf, yielding a fascinating aroma. They will compare favourably with any Virginia Cigarettes you can obtain, no matter how high the price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/6 for 20, 3/8 for 50, 7/4 for 100.

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Lighting-up Time.

A HALT in the crisp, winter dusk to light your lamps. And then a quiet five minutes in a sheltered spot while the cottage lights twinkle out to answer the stars in the sky, and the sweet, fragrant smoke curling up from the glowing points of your Kenilworths. It is the last perfect touch that makes your enjoyment complete.

Kenilworth Cigarettes are one of the few pleasures of life that never pall. Their power to charm is always the same, because their quality never changes. In size, weight, shape—and above all in the wonderful tobacco of which they are made—Kenilworth Cigarettes remain still the same as ever. To ask for Kenilworths is to make *sure* of getting “the best of all” in Virginian Cigarettes.

Try Kenilworth Mixture—a new blend of ripe Virginia and fine Eastern tobaccos, as critically chosen and carefully manufactured as Kenilworth Cigarettes. Price 1/3 per oz.

COPE BROS. & CO., LTD., LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

Manufacturers of High Class Cigarettes and Tobacco.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

WANTED—A NEW POWER.

CERTAIN far-sighted men among us are of opinion that the present state of industrial unrest will only be relieved by some invention that, by putting a new source of power at the disposal of mankind, will make life easier for all, and will therefore at once lower the rising flood of unemployment. They claim to have history on their side, because the labour troubles brought about by the Napoleonic Wars were certainly put an end to by the introduction of railways and the consequent increase of the use of steam power. This had a two-fold operation: for not only did it bring about a great and immediate increase in the opportunities of employment, but it made easy the emigration from Europe to America of the surplus population.

Hence, many of us have looked longingly to Science to provide the new source of power required. What is known as intra-atomic energy, or the energy imprisoned within the chemical atom, and only made known to us by the discovery of radium, seemed at first sight an answer to the problem. Here the abundance of power available seemed so enormous as to read like a story out of the "Arabian Nights"; and while one man of science said that the power contained in a grain of radium was sufficient to lift the whole British Fleet to the top of Ben Nevis, Dr. Gustave le Bon showed by a more exact calculation that the energy imprisoned in the atoms of a copper piece of one centime would haul a goods train four and a quarter times round the circumference of the earth. Unfortunately for us, we have never yet succeeded in accelerating or delaying the disintegration of any of the radio-active substances by the fraction of a second, and this source of energy, therefore, remains inaccessible.

More immediately hopeful is, perhaps, the utilisation of the heat of the sun. Experiments which have been carried out in countries blessed with perpetual sunshine, such as Egypt, have shown that the heat daily showered upon the earth by the centre of our

system can be trapped—as it is in a green-house—and be then transformed into mechanical power. That this could be done at a cost which would make such a process commercially valuable seems also to have been proved, but the transmission of the power so obtained presents some difficulties, and the adoption of the system on a large scale would seem likely to give an advantage to the sunlit countries over other and less favoured ones which they do not at present possess. As this would lead to a dislocation of the



AFTER UNVEILING A TABLET ON THE SITE OF THE FIRST BUILDING ERECTED IN ENGLAND SOLELY FOR STAGE PLAYS: MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE AND A MODEL OF "THE GLOBE THEATRE" OF SHAKESPEARE'S DAY.

Miss Braithwaite unveiled a tablet at 86-88, Curtain Road, Shoreditch, on November 18. The inscription reads: "The site of this building forms part of what was once the Priory of St. John the Baptist, Holywell. Within a few yards stood, from 1577 to 1598, the first London building specially devoted to the performance of plays, known as 'The Theatre.'" "The Theatre," it may be added, was built in 1576, at a cost of about £600, and was of wood. When the ground lease expired after twenty-one years, the materials were taken to the other side of the river, and there set up as "The Globe Theatre." At "The Theatre," Shakespeare made his first appearance not only as actor, but as dramatist.

Photograph by Topical.

whole present course of trade, similar to that which, on the discovery of America, transformed Venice from the great emporium between East and West into a mere pleasure city, our last state might easily, in that case, be worse than our first.

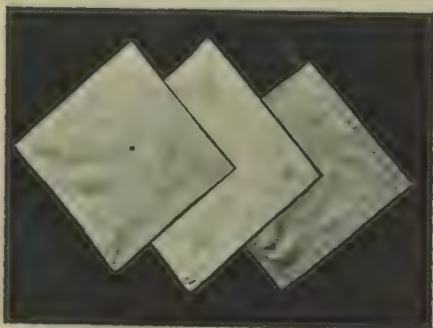
The reverse of this picture is presented by the utilisation of the tides. It has been shown that the incoming tide can be used to fill, as it were, a box with water, and the gradual emptying of this box can be made to turn a turbine or otherwise furnish mechanical power in accordance with the known principles of hydraulics. This would not only give us an almost costless source of power, but would give an immense superiority to countries like our own which are islands surrounded by tidal seas,

and is perhaps the most easily realisable of all the schemes for furnishing us with power yet brought forward. But it would take some time before it came into operation, and neither Switzerland nor Norway, nor America, where the same source of power has already been utilised by the harnessing of waterfalls, has yet managed to dispense with labour problems.

It remains, therefore, to be seen whether a more economical use of the sources of power already known to us might not give us some of the results sought from new ones. Foremost among such ideas is the scheme for burning coal at the pit's mouth, which was much favoured by the late Sir William Ramsay. That prince of science, whose premature death robbed him of the full fruition of many of his great discoveries, declared that, if the coal won by the somewhat grudging labour of our miners could be consumed on the spot, instead of being dumped into trucks to be hauled at the expense of more coal and labour to the factories and other works where it is turned into steam, it could be made to provide electricity enough to equip every factory in the kingdom. In this he was probably right, and the prospective advantages of the scheme have been still further increased by the sudden rise in the value of those bye-products of coal consumption which have hitherto been largely wasted. The handling of the great currents of electricity—5000 volts or so—to be thus generated becomes every day easier and safer, and it seems likely that it is along these lines that the problem will be solved. The substitution of electric for steam power in nearly all our industries would certainly give a great impetus to employment.

F. L.

WARING & GILLOW'S Practical Suggestions for Christmas Presents.



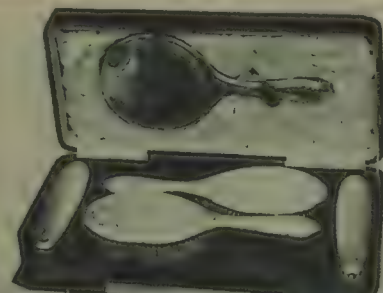
Ladies' Lawn Handkerchiefs with embroidered border. 15s. 6d. per doz.
Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs. 21s. 9d. per doz.
Ladies' pure Irish Linen drawn thread Handkerchiefs. 26s. 6d. per doz.



Carved wood electric Table Lamp, mahogany finish, wired with switch holder and 3 yds. flex. Price 25s. 0d.
Painted silk shade as shown, 32s. 6d. any colour.



Mahogany and mahogany inlaid "Sutherland" Tables in various sizes and prices ranging from £2:5:0 upwards.



Velvet-lined Case containing silver-mounted brush, mirror, and comb. Price £12:12:0 complete.

SATIN DOWN QUILTS.
LAMP SHADES.
GRAMOPHONES.
RECORD CABINETS.
DESSERT SERVICES.
SETS OF HAIR BRUSHES IN SILVER.
SILVER FLOWER AND FRUIT STANDS.
MOTOR RUGS.
MUSIC CABINETS, MUSIC SEATS.
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AFTERNOON TEA TABLES.
SCREENS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

These items are set out in order to indicate the great variety of our gifts; to appreciate their worth you must come and see the articles.

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Furnishers & Decorators
to H. M. the King
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SILVER HANDLE TEA KNIVES.
TEA SERVICES in period styles.
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EARLY MORNING TEA SETS.
MARBLE AND BRONZE STATUETTES.
OAK, MAHOGANY, AND CARRIAGE CLOCKS.



THE AEOLIAN "VOCALION"

THE DANCE ORCHESTRA FOR YOUR HOME.

True to the perfect dancing time, the rich, full tones of the Aeolian "Vocalion" swell above the steps of the dancers—above the talk and laughter of the room. Yet there is no suggestion of stridency; the notes of each instrument of the orchestra are faithfully reproduced with all their original charm.

CALL OR WRITE FOR CATALOGUE 38.

THE AEOLIAN Co., Ltd., Aeolian Hall, New Bond St., London, W.1

LADIES' NEWS.

THERE was a delightful informality and friendliness about the Prince of Wales's attendance at the wedding of Captain the Hon. Piers and Mrs. Legh. There was, strictly speaking, said the Hon. Sir Sydney Greville, no one in attendance on his Royal Highness, but with him in his lovely Burgundy-coloured car were Lord Louis Mount-Batten, Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, the Hon. Sir Sydney Greville, and Sir Godfrey Thomas. The Prince wore a blue napp cloth overcoat with a belt, and removed it in the church. His top-hat is narrow of brim, and he wore it at a jaunty angle. He signed the register, and congratulated everybody in the vestry in such a genial way that the effects of the wet and gloomy day without were quite obliterated and a properly festive spirit engendered. It must be a jolly thing to have such a magnetic nature. Long may our Prince exercise its delightful influence! About this time next year he will, according to present plans, start for another long trip to India, China, and Japan.

Of the keeping of diaries there is now much talk since Mrs. Asquith has given to the world so many extracts from hers. I imagine everyone uses a diary, if not to fill it with confidences, to keep engagements entered up and to note down events. I notice the ever-growing popularity of Onoto diaries. One great advantage they have is the way each month is arranged in double index form, so that any day in each of them is quite easily found. Also an alphabetical index for registering addresses is most convenient, and serves also for telephone numbers. There are seven sizes of Onoto diaries in quite a large variety of bindings. The prices range from 1s. to 25s., so that all diary-keepers tastes are suited. Then there is a £1000 insurance coupon included with each, and, although our thoughts need not be on our latter end, there is a feeling of security in the possession of such a coupon. Any stationer's or stores supply these favourite Onoto diaries.

The Countess of Bective and a committee of lady friends have for close upon a year been working a Dépôt for Daily Employment at 17, Pimlico Road, S.W.1. It is in touch with over 800 workers and employers, and it is sought to enlarge its scope. The idea, which works out successfully, is to offer varied and well-paid employment to women workers who cannot be permanently away from their homes. Great care is taken to recommend only desirable people. Permanent workers are also now dealt with. In these days of difficulty in

securing help this may prove a useful piece of information to readers. Office hours are from 10.30 to 12.30, except on Saturdays. Lady Bective is in the chair of an influential and practical committee.



AN EVENING GOWN FROM PARIS.

It is heavily embroidered in black, silver, and gold, with weighted tassels of black jet, which contrast with the gleaming gold of the medallions, which are such a feature of the skirt.

Photograph by L.N.A.

The Guards Chapel was packed closely to hold all the friends of the Hon. Roland and Mrs. Cubitt when they were married there last week. From a dress

point of view, it was the smartest wedding of the autumn-winter season. The bride's mother wore a wonderful gown of black satin with startlingly large embroideries on it in Persian reds and blues mingled with gold and silver. All the colour was on the skirt—or, if there were any on the bodice, it was hidden beneath a very beautiful deep collar of superb sable. A black hat, small and jaunty, was worn, finished with black osprey and a row of pearls almost as big as hazel nuts, and such beauties! Lady Sarah Wilson was very arresting, too, in oxydised tissue and satin embroidered in black and in bright silver. Her toque was made of oxydised silver embroidery, and her wrap was a superb one of chinchilla. The Duchess of Westminster and Princess Antoine Bibesco had both chosen to wear long black-and-white fur coats, the contrast being worked together, so that it was not too startling. The white in each case was Persian lamb; one was combined with black caracul, the other with black panne. In both cases small black hats were worn, the Princess's very small. The Duquesa d'Alba was all in black; her very short satin skirt had a quarter-of-a-yard wide band of kolinsky between the hem and the waist. A kolinsky and black velvet toque and cape were worn. Very handsome looked Mrs. Winston Churchill in a long black velvet coat with a chinchilla collar, and a pretty black hat. She brought her little girl-bridesmaid, whose name, Sarah Churchill, is reminiscent of a historic ancestress. There were quantities of pretty young people there, among them the bride-Countess of Brecknock. It was a very cheery wedding, and Lord and Lady Ashcombe looked very happy over their first daughter-in-law.

Lady Curtis Bennett was "At Home" last week at 24, Montagu Street, and gave some interesting information about a sale of work which will be opened at Kensington Town Hall by Princess Marie Louise on Tuesday next, Nov. 30, for the Police Court Mission, which does such splendid work for poor people in emergencies, and helps, in the best way, the very poor who most need help. There will be a good variety of useful things on sale. Lady Curtis Bennett and Mrs. Curtis Bennett will sell men and women's clothing, most useful for distribution at Christmas.

Quite right, my nice correspondent "Soo-Ah," I did make a mistake in calling the Badminton Hunt the Belvoir, and I like the cheery, sportsmanlike way you point it out. After all, it was the Duke of Beaufort's, I meant. That Master does not call his packs "The Badminton" now. Will you, his Grace, and the joint Masters of the Belvoir accept a busy woman's apology for this slip, please? A. E. L.

GROSSMITH'S HASU-NO-HANA

The Scent of the Japanese Lotus Lily.

HAS a world-wide reputation for the delicacy and charm of its delightful fragrance. Exquisitely floral in character and altogether unique, it is wonderfully lasting and refreshing.

5/3, 10/6, 21/-, 33/- and 63/- per Bottle.

HASU-NO-HANA FACE POWDER

Adherent and unobtrusive, it gives the complexion a velvet softness and fragrant attractiveness.

10d. and 1/6 per box. Powder Leaf Books, 7½d. each.

For a perfectly harmonious toilet use also

Hasu-No-Hana Toilet Soap, 1/- and 1/9 per tablet; Toilet Cream, 1/3; Dental Cream, 1/4;

Bath Crystals 3/6 and 6/3; Hair Lotion, 10/-; Toilet Water, 8/6; Shampoo Powders, 3d. each; Brilliantine (liquid), 2/6; (solid), 1/4; Talcum Powder, 1/4; Sachets, 9d.; Cachous, 6½d.

Other Perfumes in Grossmith's Oriental Series are—

SHEM-EL-NESSIM, the Scent of Araby;

WANA-RANEE, the Perfume of Ceylon;

PHUL-NĀNĀ, the fascinating Indian Perfume.

Of all Chemists and Dealers in Perfumery,
and from the Sole Proprietors.

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Distillers of Perfumes & Fine
Soap Makers

NEWGATE STREET,
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Nowadays it's
BARKER
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"Interval"

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The most pleasant way
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BARKER & DOBSON'S **Chocolate** *Liquid Fruits*

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So good — so pure — therefore worth advertising,
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If you have difficulty in obtaining — send us name and address of your dealer.
Enclose 3d. for postage, and a free sample will be sent.

Sole Manufacturers: **BARKER & DOBSON, Ltd., Everton, LIVERPOOL.**

Christmas in the Shops.

THESE are days in which the majority of people want very nice small presents for their friends at Christmas. A word in the ear of all such: one of the best places for variety, originality, and value in such gifts will be found at a great house—that of Waring and Gillow, in Oxford Street. This world-famous firm cater just as carefully for small purchasers as they do for large. There are Duchess sets in linen, inserted and edged with Cluny lace, at 14s. 6d. the set. There are Washwell handkerchiefs with the smartest-coloured borders at 4s. 6d. for half-a-dozen. In the silver department are all sorts of useful and ornamental presents at quite reasonable prices; tortoiseshell inlaid with



AN EFFICIENT COFFEE-MAKER.
(Waring and Gillow.)

silver is in great demand, and of it there is a large variety of small useful articles. In the Oriental department there is a large choice of out-of-the-common presents.

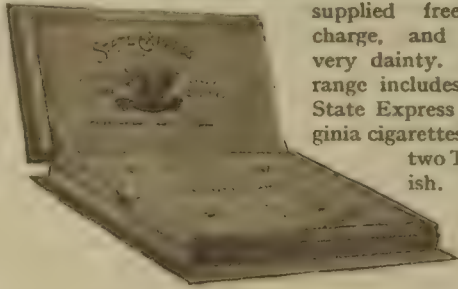
A useful one is a long bread-basket in dull lacquer with Oriental design for a guinea. There are candlesticks, screens, boxes in brass inlaid with matrix-turquoise, sets of square lacquer trays, and hundreds of other highly desirable small



AN ENGLISH CHINA COFFEE SET.
(Waring and Gillow.)

things. The lamp-shades at Waring's are singularly beautiful and varied. In cushions there is a splendid choice—round silk ones from 39s. 6d., and lobster shape of rich coloured satin from 59s. 6d. Waring's is treasure trove for present-seekers.

The Ardath Tobacco Company's idea of a series of presentation cabinets to hold their State Express cigarettes makes them more than ever suitable for Christmas presents. The cabinets are supplied free of charge, and are very dainty. The range includes five State Express Virginia cigarettes and two Turkish. The



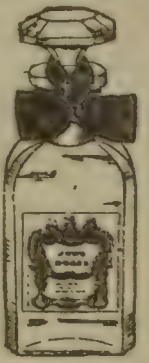
A "STATE EXPRESS" CABINET.

familiar schemes of decoration in which the cigarettes are usually put up are followed in the Christmas gift cabinets, and they are very attractive, particularly the delicate mauve of the glove-box containing "My Darlings."

To quite a number of women friends Christmas gifts from Mrs. Eleanor Adair's salons, 92, New Bond Street, are particularly acceptable. They are among those things which women want badly, and sometimes—not often when they know their effect—hesitate to give themselves. A bottle of Ganesh Eastern muscle-developing oil for removing lines at £1 15s. 6d., or a bottle of Ganesh Eastern Diable skin tonic at £1 4s., are presents that will bring delight. Every woman knows their value to her looks, and her looks are very dear to her.

Fairies are quite seasonable at Christmas time, and none of them is more sure of a welcome in British homes than that bright and particular one called Cleanliness. Its modern embodiment arrives in bottles labelled Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia. When the contents have exercised their beneficent properties, the home is ready to receive Father Christmas in becoming fashion. It is fresh, hygienic, sweet, and bright; and its proprietress knows it, and is everything to match.

A Christmas gift full of the daintiest and most delicious suggestions is perfume, and when it is a product of that famous firm Mornay Frères, there is the further suggestion that only the very best is good enough for the recipient. A new perfume by Mornays is an event, and that for this Christmas season is "Nocturne." Hauntingly delightful things are scent and music; the idea of combining them is perfect. "Nocturne" had musical predecessors. The whole equipment for the up-to-date woman's toilet—soap, powder, bath-salts, and toilet-water—is available in this new production. The price is quite moderate, the perfume being 10s. 9d. and 21s. a bottle in an original-shaped flagon. Mornays' salon, 201, Regent Street, is well known; for post orders and correspondence there are offices at 6, New Burlington Street, W.1.



DAINTY AND DELICIOUS.
(Mornay Frères.)

Nothing is more acceptable as a gift at Christmas time than a parcel of real good, comforting and delicious tea. The place to get such gifts is the



A CANISTER FULL OF ENJOYMENT.
(U.K. Tea Co.)

United Kingdom Tea Company, of 1, Paul Street, E.C. This company supplies choice teas at most reasonable prices, and for seasonable gifts puts them in decorated canisters of ½, 1, and 3 lb. respectively, or in hinged canisters of 7, 10, 14, and 20 lb. respectively. An additional charge is made for the canisters, and fine blends of tea are sold at 2s. 8d., 3s., 3s. 4d., and 4s. a pound; also Valora tea, for invalids, at 3s. 6d. per pound.

(Continued overleaf.)

WHEREVER the Briton has journeyed or settled, there you will find ENO. In every land to which civilization has spread ENO is regarded as an almost indispensable factor in the regulation of health. It is given a place in the baggage of the traveller by land or sea—in the pack of the explorer—in the desk of the business man—and most of all in those households of the world where good health is rightly valued.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

Sold by Chemists and
Stores, Price 3/- per bottle.

The words "ENO" and "Fruit Salt" are our registered Trade Marks, and denote the preparation of J. C. ENO, LTD., "Fruit Salt" Works, London, S.E. If you have any difficulty in obtaining regular supplies of Eno's Fruit Salt, please send us the name and address of your nearest Chemist or Store.



The Eno Symbol

of Happiness

"More dear
One native charm, than all the gloss
of art."
—GOLDSMITH.

Hotel PENNSYLVANIA

NEW YORK

THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD



2,200 Rooms—each with a private bathroom

You can't miss it in New York

It is not the size of 'the largest hotel in the world' that makes it impossible for you to miss it in New York. It's your own friends.

"Lunch with me at the Pennsylvania," invites the voice of an epicurean over the 'phone. Another voice requests your presence at the Grill Room. A note comes to you concerning a Dance-Supper at the same place. And you wonder how you can accomplish a Turkish Bath, visit the Barber, borrow a capable stenographer—in time to keep your engagement to join a dinner-party in the Pennsylvania Roof Garden.

The Pennsylvania provides everything. It is built and equipped with every modern comfort, luxury and convenience that you could desire. Make it your home when you come to New York.

How to Reserve Accommodation

Full information and descriptive literature can be obtained at the Statler Hotel Bureau, Craven House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Bookings can also be arranged through any of the offices of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son; or by letter or cable sent direct to the Hotel.

A wireless message from your ship secures reservations, if you have not written or wired earlier. Requests for rooms on arrival of a certain steamer need not give exact date—room is only charged for from date of occupancy.

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

NEW YORK CITY U.S.A

Cables :

'Pennhotel New York'

Christmas in the Shops—Continued.

A box of Venus pencils is a Christmas present of lasting value. They are made in seventeen black-lead gradations, from 6 B to 9 H, and three styles copying, so that the needs of engineers, artists, or draughtsmen are met. They are satisfactory pencils always, the experience of years having gone to make them what they are—the pencil beloved of all that use them.



A PENCIL AND A FRIEND.
(Venus Pencils.)

A welcome gift at Christmas for a man friend is often a puzzle to a woman. A Durham Duplex Razor has the advantages of the old-time ordinary razor in its diagonal gliding stroke, with the additional modern merit of absolute safety in use. As a gift the complete outfit—a white-handled razor, safety guard, stropping holder, five blades, rubber set, shaving brush, and a stick of Durham-Duplex shaving soap, for 25s. has few competitors. It can be obtained from all first-class dealers.

The Christmas gift that is a "Swan" is the celebrated fountain pen of that name, which is known favourably all over the world. Mabie, Todd, and Co., 133-35, High Holborn, all their branches, also all stores and stationers, have many beautiful examples of these useful and handsome presents. Presentation "Swan" fountpens are speci-



THE PEN TO PRESENT.—(Mabie, Todd and Co.)

ally in demand. They are in silver, gold and rolled gold, and the prices are from 27s. 6d. for sterling silver to 175s. for 18ct. gold.

When Christmas draws near, Harrods becomes a centre of interest even more than at ordinary times. The silver and cutlery salons are this year a very sure and certain draw. The great firm, expert at feeling for general requirements, has made a point of pre-



A USEFUL CHAFING-DISH.
(Harrods.)

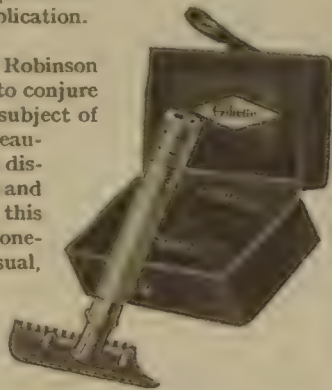
sents at reasonable prices. Salts - bottles with tops enamelled on and mounted in sterling silver, filled with salts tinted to match the enamels, which are in several favourite colours, are being sold for 25s., and are entirely British. Of toilet appointments there is a most varied and tempting array



A BRITISH SCENT-BOTTLE.
(Harrods.)

in silver of many designs, in tortoiseshell, and in enamel. Coffee sets in white or tinted china, with an electroplate tray, pot, cream-jug, sugar-basin, and spoons, at £3 18s. 6d., make most useful gifts. The cutlery department is one to look through with great profit. Stainless steel is made a speciality of, and a cabinet full of it can be bought for 10 guineas. To come to a cheaper gift, there is a sporting knife in nickel scale, containing blades, piercer, cork-screw, and tin-opener, for 7s. 9d., and, with stag-horn scale as haft, 1s. more. A large selection of flasks is a suitable field for gifts in the hunting season; but, whatever one fancies, it will be found at Harrods. For a man who loves his smoking-room a charming gift would be a Copenhagen china elephant on an agate stand mounted as an ash-tray and cigar-stand.

When a man shaves easily, quickly, safely, he is usually quite a genial and pleasant autocrat of his breakfast table. To give him a Christmas present assuring such a result is first-rate policy. A Gillette Safety Razor Outfit is the thing to do it. All stores, cutlers, ironmongers, chemists, and hairdressers have these outfits from 21s. A small illustrated book showing all the models of Gillette outfits and giving prices will be sent free on application.



WHAT A MAN APPRECIATES.
(Gillette Razor.)

The name of Robinson and Cleaver is one to conjure with wherever the subject of the best and most beautiful Irish linen is discussed. The Belfast and parent house of this celebrated firm in Donegall Place is, as usual, sending handkerchiefs all over the globe for Christmas gifts. Always useful, they are, when Robinson and Cleaver's, also the best quality. Their two-letter monogrammed, hand-embroidered ladies' handkerchiefs at 18s. 11d. a dozen are wonderful value; so, too, are initial-letter handkerchiefs for men, pure linen and hand-embroidered, at 33s., and, with two-letter monograms, 35s. 6d. a dozen. There



DAINTY HANDKERCHIEFS.
(Robinson and Cleaver, Belfast.)

are thousands of dozens to choose from. Gentlemen's pure linen with one initial for 27s. 6d. a dozen are also specially good value.

Remember!

Every argument in favour of Cocoa is an argument in favour of Van Houten's, the best of all cocoas.

Van Houten's

is famous all over the world—recognised everywhere as the standard of Cocoa purity and excellence.

Best & Goes Farthest.

WHEN you light a 'Meriel,' let the smoke trickle away; lean back and thoroughly enjoy the exquisite flavour of this entrancing cigar; you are enjoying one of the greatest pleasures in the world, and at the same time your conscience is clear—you are not being extravagant, for Imperiales de Rothschild Cigars cost but 1/- each. They are made of superb Havana Tobacco, wrapped in an exquisite Sumatra cover, and equal a 4/- imported cigar. Prove it, if you please.

If your Tobacconist will not supply, send 50/- for a 50 box.

We guarantee their quality.

SIDNEY PULLINGER LTD.

41 Cannon St., Birmingham.

La Meriel
IMPERIALES
de Rothschild.

C.F.H.

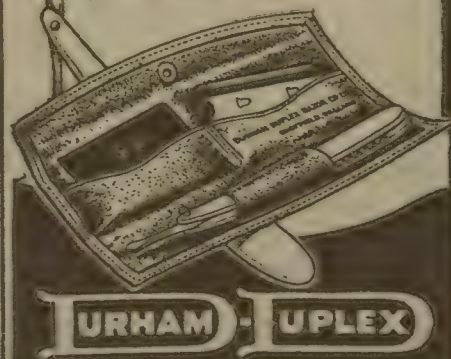


THERE'S nothing like the wonderful Durham-Duplex Blade for a cool, safe, satisfying shave. Made from the finest Sheffield steel, oil-tempered, hollow-ground and sharpened to an exquisite cutting edge. Extra long and double-edged to give you the greatest shaving mileage. And guarded to give you absolute protection when shaving.

COMPLETE OUTFIT
Consists of White Handled Razor, Guard, Stropping Attachment, Three Blades. In Neat Red Leather Kit.

10/6 FROM ALL DEALERS

Descriptive Circular C and Cardboard Model Razor Free on Application to
DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., LTD.
41, EYRE LANE, SHEFFIELD.
Wholesale and Export only.
57, WEYMOUTH ST., LONDON, W.1





No. 1.—Necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 in. long, £1:1:0

A CHARMING GIFT! A TREASURED POSSESSION!

The charm of the Pearl casts its spell on all. Beauty lovers cannot resist its subtle influence.

All the elusive beauty of the most wonderful specimens the sea has ever given up is revealed in the delicate tones and tints of

Ciro Pearls

A VISIT TO OUR SHOWROOMS IS AN ARTISTIC REVELATION. HERE EXACT COPIES OF PEARL GEMS SET IN RINGS, EAR-RINGS, BROOCHES, SCARF PINS AND NECKLETS OF ANY LENGTH MAY BE SEEN. IF UNABLE TO MAKE A PERSONAL VISIT OBTAIN A NECKLET ON APPROBATION.

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

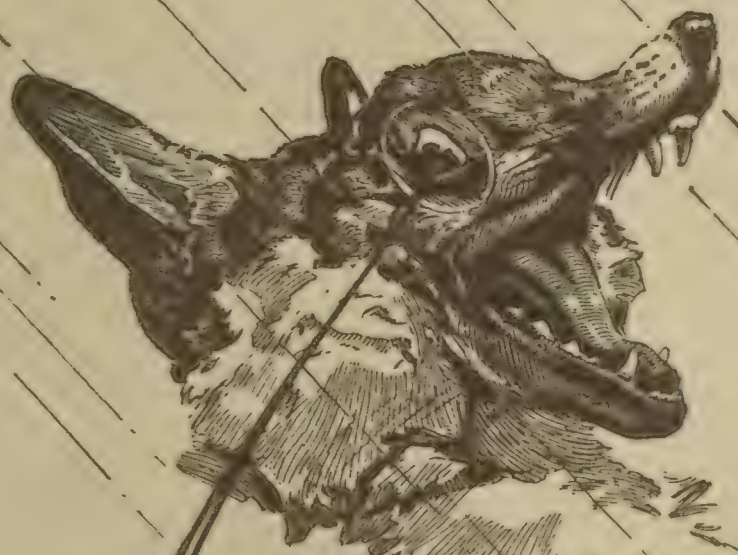
Upon receipt of One Guinea we will send you on approbation, a Necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 in. long (Gold Clasp 2/6 extra, and other lengths at proportionate rates), or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings, or any other Jewel with Ciro Pearls. Put them beside any real pearls, or any other artificial pearls, and if they are not equal to the real, or superior to the other artificial pearls, no matter what their price may be, we will refund your money if you return them to us within seven days.

Our new booklet No. 16 contains designs of all our new jewels mounted with Ciro Pearls (sent post free).

CIRO PEARLS, LTD. (Dept. 16), 39, OLD BOND ST., W.1 (Piccadilly end).

We have no shop. Our Showrooms are on the First Floor, over Lloyd's Bank.

TALLY HO !!



WHOO-O-OOP!

... and then, it's lickety-brindle for the open country—a good 'un beneath you, the sun above you, and an old dog-fox going craftily ahead.

A thirty minutes' run ... and the whole pack's on top of him just short of the Gorse.

—but there's the other kind of day: waiting dead-cold at the covert-side with the mist-damp dropping off the trees and the air full of it; that's the Dexter day.

Judge a Dexter as you do a thoro'bred: it's got a clean line looks good is good; renders a true service.

DEXTER

WEATHERPROOFS

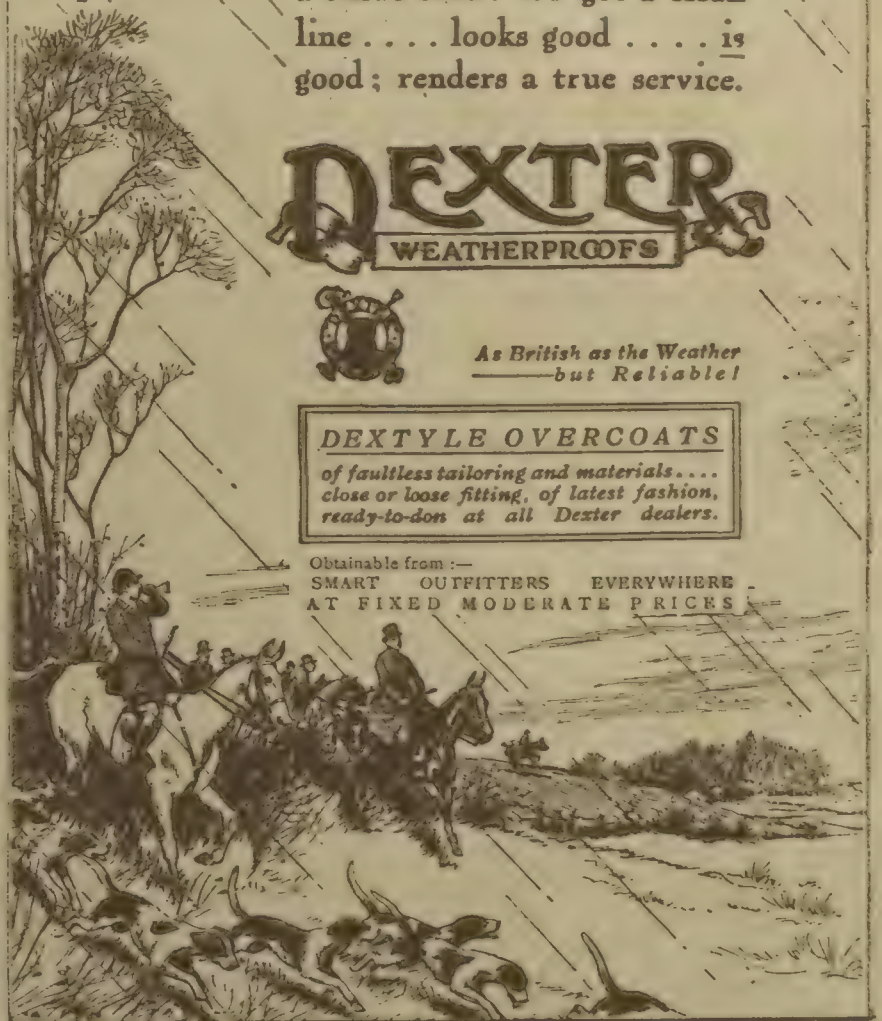


As British as the Weather
—but Reliable!

DEXTYLE OVERCOATS

of faultless tailoring and materials
close or loose fitting, of latest fashion,
ready-to-don at all Dexter dealers.

Obtainable from :—
SMART OUTFITTERS EVERYWHERE
AT FIXED MODERATE PRICES



THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

THE Danes have marked their joy at the restitution to Denmark of the northern zone of Schleswig by notable and historic ceremonies, and it is fitting that they should celebrate the event in their stamp issues. Three stamps of the denominations 10 öre (red), 20 öre (slate-blue), and 40 öre (brown) have just been issued with this object, and, although they are not elaborate or beautiful, they are interesting, inasmuch as they bear views in the restored province. On the 10 öre stamp the picture shows the Castle of Kronberg; on the 20 öre is Sonderberg Castle; and on the highest value, the 40 öre, is the Cathedral of Roskilde. I have already illustrated in these pages the special stamps issued in Schleswig and current there throughout the plebiscite period; these three new stamps form an interesting finale to the story of the plebiscite as it is told in our stamp albums.

Czecho-Slovakia has been running riot in matters artistic, and two of the latest designs from that spiritual home of the artists, Bohemia, are as crude and grotesque as any stamps designed by Oriental natives for the stamp issues of the minor Indian States. In the first picture the artist has apparently intended to represent the young nation breaking her fetters; she has broken them, but does not appear to be any the happier for having done the deed. The other design, on the 100 heller stamp, is so confusing a puzzle-picture that I hesitate to offer any interpretation; perhaps it is one of the members of the Czecho-Slovak choir, surrounded by instruments of native origin—the music-book is open at her side!

Besides the numerous stamps I have described and illustrated from the recently constituted Free State of Danzig I have now to record the inauguration of an Aerial Mail Service, for which three aero stamps of Germany (newly issued in the red colour) overprinted "Danzig" in black, and surcharged with new values and an aerial symbol in blue or red. The first illustration is the 40 pfennig overprinted in blue; the 60 pfennig is overprinted in red, and the 1 mark is overprinted in blue.

The advent of the Danzig aero-stamps brings the number of stamps issued up to date for use on air mail

services to forty—not a large number, considering the great strides aviation is making in public and commercial services. But the small number of varieties issued up to date makes it comparatively easy for the collector to start a special collection of aero-stamps before they become too numerous or expensive. Once started, such a collection is easily kept up to date.

"Holly Leaves," the Christmas Number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, is a varied and brilliant epitome of the festive season. It makes its appearance on Nov. 27, and will appeal to everyone who enjoys a good tale with a thrill about it, admires beautiful and artistic plates in



1, 2, and 3. Commemorating Denmark's recovery of Northern Schleswig: three new Danish stamps, with views of the restored province. 4. Breaking her fetters, but looking no happier: a poor design from Czecho-Slovakia. 5. A symbolic enigma: another new Czecho-Slovakian stamp (100-heller). 6, 7, and 8. For Danzig's new Air Mail service: German stamps overprinted and surcharged as aero stamps.—[Stamps supplied by Mr. Fred J. Melville, 110, Strand, W.C.2.]

colour and black-and-white, and can laugh over a wholesome joke. The photogravure supplement is a specially fine reproduction of "The Last of the Garrison," by Briton Rivière, R.A.; and the coloured pages include "Christian Endeavour," a subtly humorous plate of Wilmot Lunt; "Percival Peeps," a specially delightful illustration of Mabel Lucie A. Attwell's decorative genius; and a jolly Lawson Wood with a Christmas flavour of sentiment and fun. Eden Phillpotts, Barry Pain, and Oliver Onions all contribute tales. "Holly Leaves," in fact, offers delightful December Nights Entertainments likely to suit all tastes for the sum of 2s. 6d.

OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Nov. 15, 1920.

THE National celebrations of last week are still the topic of conversation (and criticism) here in France. The Frenchman cannot help criticising any more than he can help breathing—I had almost said it is the breath of life to him; certainly it is essential to his existence. It is not surprising, therefore, that controversy should have raged round the Armistice-day celebrations, and questions of whether or not the anniversary of the Third Republic should be fused with the apotheosis of the "Unknown Poilu," whether the Government should have identified itself with the religious ceremony at Notre-Dame and, finally, whether Gambetta was worthy of the Panthéon, were subjects which offered a magnificent field for criticism. For my own part, I prefer to dwell upon the beauty of the pageant as I saw it winding its way slowly through the grey mist across the Place de la Concorde and up the Champs Élysées. There were those who complained of the fog and regretted the lack of sunshine, but to me it seemed that the grey skies were more in keeping with the spirit of the crowds, who had come to watch the passing of the unknown warrior to his honoured resting-place beneath the Arc de Triomphe.

The homage of little children is always a touching and beautiful thing; at a point near the Place de l'Etoile was a tribune filled entirely with young children, who, as the gun-carriage bearing the coffin of the *poilu* passed by, went down with one accord on their knees, making the sign of the Cross with simple reverence.

The lying-in-state beneath the Arc de Triomphe was deeply impressive; throughout the day an immense crowd, formed into a long queue, passed reverently by the coffin of the unknown warrior and the casket containing the heart of Gambetta, representing between them the Constitution and the conquering glories of France.

From the Place de l'Etoile, down avenues and streets magnificently decorated, I made my way to Notre Dame de Paris, which was crowded to its utmost capacity for the great "Te Deum." In the presence of representatives of the Government and of all the Allies, the magnificent organ and choir voiced

(Continued overleaf.)

The Xmas Gift Problem Solved—by Gillette.

My Dear
Brother Jack,

I am in a fix; I really do not know what to give Bob this year. I seem to have exhausted the whole list of presentable things, including ties, gloves, cigars, etc. This year I want to give him something special, but not too expensive. Cannot you suggest a real man's gift—useful and pleasing . . .

My Dear Sister,
Right ho! here's the suggestion:—

You remember the Gillette mother gave me many Christmases ago? I've used it ever since and no other gift has proved so consistently useful and practical. It solved the shaving problem for me.

Why not give Bob a Gillette? One of those new "Big Fellows" will please him most. He'll appreciate its beautiful balance and efficiency, and thank you sincerely for so practical a gift . . .

Gillette
Safety Razor

Obtainable at all Stores, Cutlers, Ironmongers, Chemists, Hairdressers and Canteens.

Illustrated booklet of the full range of Gillette outfits post free.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR LTD., 184-188 Gt. Portland St., London, W.1.

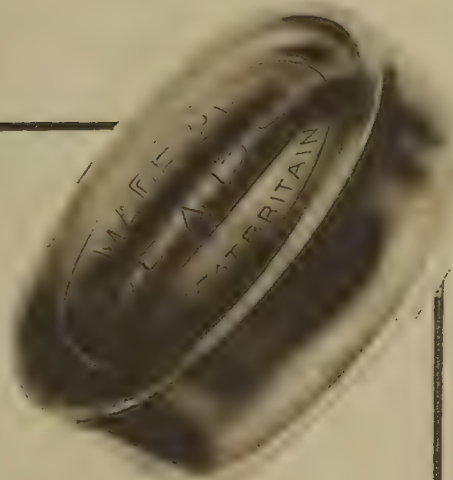
GILLETTE BIG FELLOW OUT-FIT contains Triple Silver-plated Big Fellow Razor—Blade Box and 12 Gillette Blades (24 shaving edges), in handsome Polished Wood Case. Price 25/-

GILLETTE STANDARD SET contains Triple Silver-plated Razor; Blade Boxes, with 12 double-edged Blades (24 shaving edges). The whole contained in Leather Case. Price 21/-

Pears'

SOAP

protects and beautifies the skin.



The desire for a beautiful Complexion is not mere vanity, it is the expression of a natural craving for health. A beautiful skin is invariably a healthy skin, and you will ensure a healthy skin by the constant use of Pears' Transparent Soap. Invented 130 years ago, its reputation as the best is still unchallenged. Use it constantly and, however poor, your complexion will discover a new vitality; however good, its beauty will increase.

*Matchless
for the
Complexion.*

Have you
used one of

Pears'

Golden Series?

THE CHOCOLATE QUESTION

*Are they
Rowntree's?*

"The Standard of Excellence."

Borden's EAGLE BRAND

SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
FULL CREAM



Recognised as second to none. Nothing removed but water—nothing added but pure sugar.

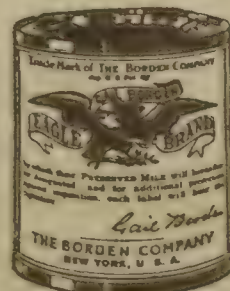
Improve your Cooking without using Milk or Sugar

Use BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK—the milk that adds a delicious flavor to sauces, cakes, puddings and custards—scones, etc.

Used in coffee or cocoa, it makes a smoother, richer drink. You do not have to add milk or sugar—just stir into the steaming hot drink, one or two teaspoonfuls of "EAGLE BRAND"—the flavor and body of the drink as well as the food value is greatly increased.

Buy a tin from your dealer to-day and satisfy yourself. You will relish the flavor from first to last.

The BORDEN Label is your guarantee.



Established 1857.

(Continued.)

the thanksgiving of the nation, ending with prayers for the souls of the dead. But yet another moment of emotion awaited me as I left the Cathedral in the fast-gathering dusk, and suddenly found myself face to face with the flags captured by the Germans in 1870 being carried in triumph through the streets of Paris.



AN ACTIVE SUPPORTER OF THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN AT BETHNAL GREEN: LADY BEECHAM. Lady Beecham, wife of Sir Thomas Beecham, the famous musician, is helping vigorously to collect £25,000 for the Queen's Hospital for Children at Bethnal Green. The Duke of York presided at a dinner in aid of the fund, at the Connaught Rooms, on November 16.

escorted by French cavalry. Cheers and cries of "Vive la France!" followed these venerable war banners as they passed on their way to the Invalides, home once more after a long and cruel exile in a foreign land.

The day closed with popular rejoicings and torch-light processions through the beautifully illuminated streets, in honour of Armistice Day; and while many rejoiced, there were those to whom the anniversary brought memories sacred beyond all telling, whose consolation is not here on earth.

All eyes will be turned to Geneva for the next week or two, where already the delegates of the various nations have assembled in the new permanent home of the League, and will settle down to serious discussion of the more urgent problems arising out of the present state of Europe. France is sending three

of her best public men to represent her, while Lord Robert Cecil, who has become prominent at Geneva, is a man whose intellect and force of character are greatly admired and appreciated by our Allies. When on his way through Paris en route for Geneva, Lord Robert had the most cordial interviews with Monsieur Berthelot, Monsieur Leygues (the Prime Minister), and other important members of the Government.

No association could have had greater difficulties to contend with at the outset than the League of Nations, deserted as it was by its creator, President Wilson, who failed to secure for it the support of the great nation whose spokesman he was considered to be; even our French friends were sceptical of its value at first, as it used to be said of Monsieur Clemenceau that he tried to school himself into a belief in its powers by repeating each morning and evening, with a firm voice, "I do believe in the League of Nations." How deep his convictions became we shall never know, since the "Tiger" has retired from politics, and refuses to be drawn into any discussions on the subject, but that he was convinced of its utility is proved by the attitude of France towards the Association to-day.

As to its future, much must necessarily depend on the final attitude of the President-elect of the United States; America must come in, if necessary with reservations, but she cannot afford to stand aloof from Europe in the future, as every far-seeing American citizen knows full well.

The resignation of Monsieur Paul Cambon, though not entirely unexpected, yet came as more or less of a shock to those of us who had come to consider the French Ambassador in London as something in the nature of an institution. His Excellency has held his post for such a number of years with such distinction that it will be no easy task to follow him. The name of Monsieur de Saint-Aulaire, at present Ambassador at Madrid, has been mentioned in connection with the London Embassy, a diplomat with a distinguished career and a considerable reputation. Rumour speaks of the charm and social gifts of Madame de Saint-Aulaire, so that, if the appointment is confirmed, the French Embassy will gain a charming hostess. Monsieur Cambon will be greatly regretted by an exceptionally large circle of friends in London, for in the thirty years he has held the post of Ambassador to Great

Britain, he has proved himself a true and loyal friend both in public and private life.

Messrs. Burberrys' action in anticipating their annual sale, and beginning it on Dec. 1 next instead of in the New Year, will be welcomed by many who wish to replenish their wardrobes with every kind of garment at about half the usual prices. In size, character, and variety this sale transcends anything hitherto attempted. Even "The Burberry Weather-proof," which never exceeds a world-wide demand at standard prices, will, as regards certain colours and textures, be reduced in the same proportion as it used to be before 1914. Another exceptionally attractive innovation of the sale is that a quantity of fine suit, gown, and overcoat cloths will be made up to order at special prices which represent unprecedented bargains. Patterns of these materials may be inspected at the Haymarket. In addition to this sweeping clearance of their tailoring departments, Burberrys are also offering a large portion of their outfitting sections' manufactured stock and silk and woollen piece goods, both for women and men, at half present values. An illustrated catalogue of the sale will be sent post-free on application by postcard to Burberrys, Ltd., Haymarket, S.W.1.



NOTTINGHAM'S GIFT TO SIR JESSE BOOT: A SILVER-GILT CASKET. This beautiful silver-gilt casket has been presented to Sir Jesse Boot by the City of Nottingham. It was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., the Royal Works, Sheffield.

Fed on MELLIN'S since Weaned

The mother of this bonny little boy says:—"He is now 15 months old, weighs 33 lbs., and has 16 teeth, and everyone thinks he has done well."

He has been fed on MELLIN'S FOOD since she weaned him at the age of five months. Hand-reared babies do well on MELLIN'S FOOD, because, prepared as directed, it humanizes cows' milk, and when mixed for use contains everything a baby needs for sturdy growth.

Mellin's Food

MELLIN'S FOOD is a perfect substitute for Mother's milk, it requires no cooking, and is easily digested by babies from birth onwards.

SAMPLES POSTAGE FREE. Mellin's Food on receipt of 6d. stamps. Mellin's Food Biscuits on receipt of 6d. stamps. A valuable handbook for mothers will be sent free of all cost.

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, S.E.15.



PRIMUS ENGINEERING

The Boys' Favourite

Boys like Primus Engineering because it makes *real* models. Each model made is a duplicate in miniature of the original—without any pretence or make-believe; with wood for the wooden parts, metal for the metal parts. Primus teaches a boy to use his hands, stimulates his inventiveness, and gives him endless fun and amusement.

Give your boy Primus—the most entertaining and instructive constructional toy.

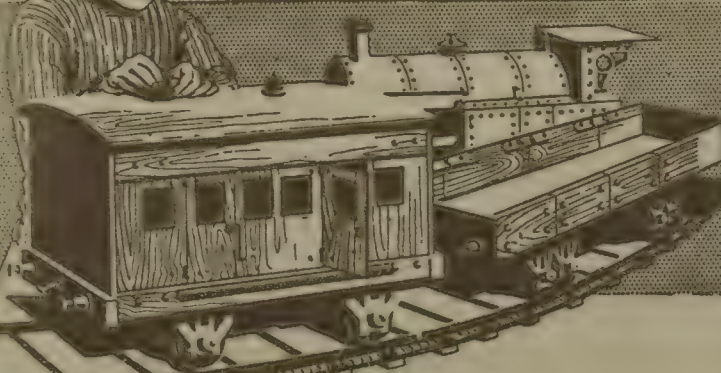
The popular outfit, price 25/-, contains 267 wood and metal parts and makes endless models. Smaller sets cost 7/6 and 10/6. Larger outfits from 45/- upwards.

Sold by all Stores, Toy Shops & Sports Outfitters.



Illustrated Leaflet post free from the Manufacturers:—

W. BUTCHER & SONS, Ltd.,
Camera House, Farringdon Avenue, E.C.4



*From George the Third
To George the Fifth
One hundred years long
Born 1820. Still going strong.*



JOHNNIE WALKER TRAVEL SERIES. NO 17. CALGARY

COWBOY: "You need not throw it, Johnnie Walker. They will all come to you."

Guaranteed same quality all over the World.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

British and
German
Magnetos.

When the war broke out, Britain had no magneto industry worth mentioning. One or two firms had dabbled in it, but I believe the total output of British magnetos did not exceed a hundred machines per week. There were some thousands of spare German magnetos in stock in various parts of the country, and these, together with what could be obtained from America, served to tide over until a British manufacturing industry had been created. The initial shortage of these machines was one of the worst handicaps which had to be surmounted in connection with the supply of the enormous numbers of transport vehicles, armoured cars, and tanks which were required for the prosecution of the war: and when the Government realised how vital it was that we should be in a position to manufacture magnetos for ourselves, the industry was put in the 'key' list, and it was laid down officially that it was one that must be protected after the war against

foreign competition. Certainly, if there is an industry connected with mechanical transport and aviation which requires protection on the grounds set forth,

adequate supply of these machines, and it is perfectly obvious that unless there is a flourishing home industry, we may at some future time find ourselves in the position we occupied in 1914, when such an industry had to be hurriedly created out of nothing because the only source of supply was in enemy hands.

What is happening now is that the magneto trade is being rapidly killed by German competition. German magnetos are being dumped here and sold at prices below the actual cost of the raw materials to the British manufacturer. Whether it is that the rate of exchange is wholly responsible for the fact that the German manufacturer is again able to undersell in the British market, or whether, as is alleged, he is being subsidised by the German Government, is beside the point. The basic fact is that one can buy in the open market a Bosch magneto for about a third of the price at which the British machine is obtainable. One of the first results of this is that unemployment is increasing rapidly in the magneto factories, many of which are working no more than two days per week; and a key industry

(Continued overleaf.)



FITTED TO A DAIMLER CHASSIS: AN IMPERIAL TWO-THREE SEATER COUPÉ, WITH DICKEY, BY WM. COLE AND SONS, LTD., HAMMERSMITH.

it is the manufacture of magnetos. The whole working of these services depends upon a constant and

adequate supply of these machines, and it is perfectly obvious that unless there is a flourishing home industry, we may at some future time find ourselves in the position we occupied in 1914, when such an industry had to be hurriedly created out of nothing because the only source of supply was in enemy hands.

TIME
shows
the
wisdom
of
buying
SAXONE
BOOTS

WHY SAXONES are the best boots made

IT all lies in the interpretation given to the word "best"; and Webster in his dictionary says it means "to the most advantage, or benefit."

That is why 'Saxones' are the best boots made; they give the greatest possible value to the wearer.

A unique combination of unsurpassed workmanship and reasonable price, 'Saxone' boots are recognised to-day as the concrete form of economy in footwear

SOLD ONLY BY THE
SAXONE SHOE CO. LTD.,

LONDON: 5 & 6 Coventry Street, W.1; 231 Regent Street, W.1; 56 & 57 Strand, W.C.2; 11 & 12 Cheapside, E.C.2.

And all large towns.

CATALOGUE
FREE ON
APPLICATION.



STYLE 4042.
Box calf Derby
boot, double
chrome, full toe,
Harvard last.
Price 42/-

There's
nothing
like
LEATHER
when
its
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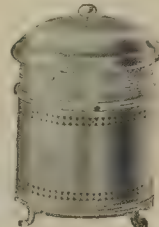
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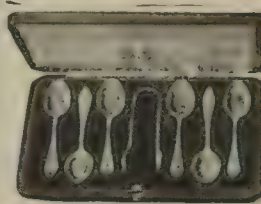
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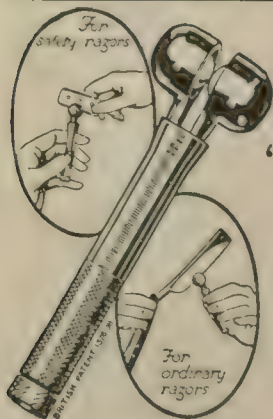
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(Cont. mod.)
which was created for the purposes of the war, and which in return for the efforts put forth was promised protection, is still without that protection, and is being starved to death for want of the orders which are going to Germany.

The Size of Number-Plates. Really, the police persecution—for it is nothing else—of the motorist in the matter of number plates is becoming childish in its futility. Agreed that many plates and the figures thereon do not conform to the regulations by a very long way, and the people who thus disregard the law have only themselves to blame if they find trouble at the hands of the authorities. There are some who appear to think that anything will do. Numbers are scrawled, with the help of a paint-brush, on pieces of cards, or are painted in a schoolboy hand on the body-work. They are of any and every size and shape but the correct, and one cannot in all conscience blame the police for taking notice. It is not of that sort of thing I am thinking at the moment, but of the utterly silly prosecutions which have been brought recently, especially in Kingston—that notoriously anti-motor



ON A ROUGH ROAD NEAR BUENOS AYRES: A 25-H.P. VAUXHALL-KINGTON CAR.

locality. Last week, for instance, a motorist was summoned—and, needless to say, convicted and fined—because the letters on the plate were one eighth of an inch shorter than the prescribed height. It emerged in evidence that the two policemen concerned measured the letters with an old two-foot rule and a penny ruler! The defendant offered to present them with a steel rule, carefully graduated to minute measurements, in order to facilitate their work, and the Bench, with an almost incredible lack of the sense of humour, actually accepted the offer!

Surely there is no need to boggle over an eighth of an inch. The real question for decision is whether or not the number-plate reasonably conforms to the regulations, and whether it is legible as intended by the law. But if it is absurd to strain after the gnat as they do in Kingston, what is to be thought of a Bench which convicts a motorist because the letters on his number-plate are actually one quarter of an inch too high? This really happened at Feltham the other day! Unfortunately, the motorist does not seem to have been legally represented, but the R.A.C. has taken legal opinion on the question, which is that no conviction should have been

(Continued overleaf.)



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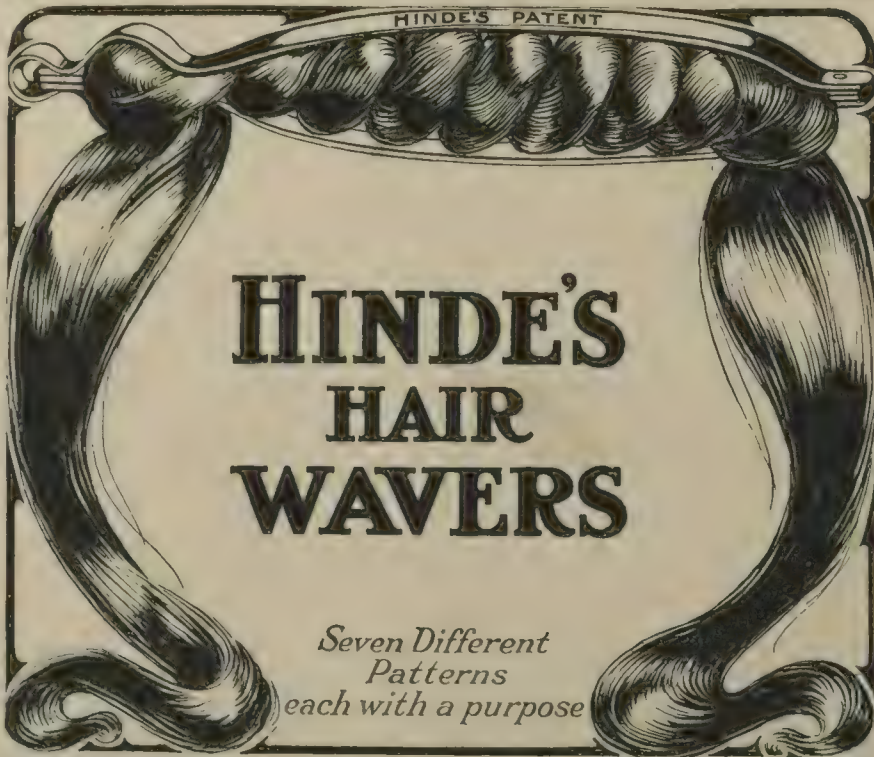
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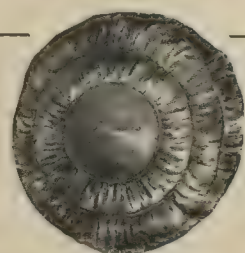
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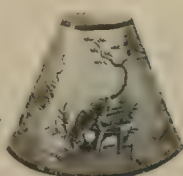
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altogether. Illusion is gone. Perhaps things might have been better had Miss Marjorie Gordon, as Constance, been able to suggest some reason for the girl's plotting—to indicate, for instance, that she was really in love with the expert. But she merely walks through the part, leaving Mr. Donald Calthrop, as hustler, to do all the pace-making.

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registered. The Club is asking that, if any member or associate is convicted in similar circumstances, he will report it, in order that there may be an opportunity of taking the case to a higher court. This case, surely, reaches the very height of absurdity. One reflection which is unavoidable is that the police in the districts where this sort of thing is going on must have very little to do; and if there is no real crime needing attention there, some of the superfluous officers might be sent elsewhere to a place where there is something worth while to be done. W. W.

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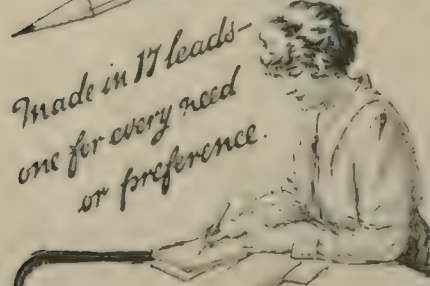
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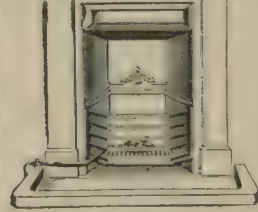
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CHRISTMAS

NUMBER



The Spirit of Christmas.

DRAWN BY ARTHUR BUTCHER.



Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

OLIVIA sat bolt upright in her mother's withdrawing-room stitching at her sampler, with blue eyes so discreetly lowered that no one seeing her would have supposed how she longed to be out in the garden racing to and fro through the crisp, white snow pelting Ned and Roger, her younger brothers, who were having a brave time out there, whilst she, alas! was forced to sit prim, as became a young gentlewoman of seventeen years of age, doing her needlework whilst her mother talked to Aunt Agatha, who had come in her big, lumbering coach to spend a night on her way to her brother's house at Lampton, where she was passing the Christmas season.

Olivia knew very little of Uncle Lionel, saving that he was Sir Lionel Courtleigh of Courtleigh Park, and had one son, Anthony, who was quite old—perhaps twenty-six or twenty-seven.

Olivia thrilled as a shrill shout of defiance from the garden announced a successful sortie by Ned on Roger's defences. *How* she wished . . .

Then suddenly the thought of the boys, the snow castle, and all the merry fun the others were enjoying without her were forgotten as Olivia heard her own name mentioned.

"I vow," Aunt Agatha was saying, "I should be asking you to let me take Livy along with me to Lampton if it were not for fear the child would be falling in love with Tony or some such nonsense. It is too distressing that Celia should fall ill just at Christmas time and not be able to accompany me. And the measles, too! So impossible!"

Olivia's hand shook as she dug her needle into the stretched canvas. Horrors! The idea of being taken away from the boys at Christmas time.

Then, in the midst of dismay, came her mother's words, clear, distinct as any sentence of doom—

"If it would pleasure you to take Olivia with you, Agatha, you are welcome to her company. As for falling in love, you need not fear that. Livy is still a child, with never a thought yet for sweethearting, and prefers a romp with her brothers to any dressing-up in fal-dals."

It was in Olivia's mind to jump up, heedless of manners and decorum, and cry aloud in entreaty that she could not and would not go away from home for Christmas.

But young maids in those days were too well trained to resent their elders' pleasure openly, and so in the end it was settled, without any reference to Olivia's wishes, that on the morrow she should be packed off with Aunt Agatha and Aunt Agatha's maid, pug-dog, page, and the rest of the fine lady's paraphernalia, to spend Christmas at Courtleigh Park.

True, Olivia was able to voice her feelings during one tragic half-hour when, with Roger's and Ned's arms round her neck, the three wept in chorus, whilst they vowed that Aunt Agatha was a hateful old woman to have suggested so odious a proposition.

Poor Livy! She looked the picture for a Christian Martyr as she stood in the hall ready for departure, her small round face pale and woe-begone, her big brown eyes full of tragedy, whilst golden curls formed the aureola under her beaver bonnet.

But, though the tears overflowed in bidding farewell to Madam Mother and the boys, they soon dried during the excitement of her long coach drive.

Aunt Agatha was kindly, for all her grandeur, and told the

child rallyingly that she need not fear they were going to eat her in mistake for the Christmas goose at Courtleigh.

Olivia would have liked to ask questions about the unknown relatives, but forbore, since Aunt Agatha was inclined to doze, and her niece beside her sat silent and demure, her eyes fixed on the wintry landscape, whilst—from thoughts of the boys and all the Christmas festivities she was missing at home—she began to speculate on those to which she was going.

She had once seen Uncle Lionel, and recalled the little shiver of fear she had experienced at his stately appearance. Aunt Anne, too, she vaguely pictured as a little fussy lady who was always anxious. And then there was Anthony—the very ancient cousin of twenty-six.

Olivia, in her corner with her sampler, had heard Aunt Agatha talking a great deal about this Anthony, and how his father was set on his wedding Miss Cynthia Rallings, a great heiress and belle to boot; but how Anthony was perverse and over-wild, following his own way and mixing himself up in Jacobite plots which would bring him ere long to the gallows.

Olivia knew all about Jacobite plots, since it was one of her favourite tales to listen to how Lady Nethisdale had saved her husband's life seven years ago in the '15.

But never had she met a Jacobite before, and wondered . . . wondered whether she would be afraid of this one; or did Aunt Agatha mean Cousin Anthony was only pretending to be a Jacobite . . . because he had nothing better to do . . . and . . . *that* was why it would be good for him to marry . . . Cynthia Rallings, who would keep him well out of mischief?

Olivia's musings were getting very jumbled long before the coach stopped before the big grey house with the snow sparkling round the sills of mullioned windows and covering the ivy in a white loveliness. Indeed, she was only vaguely conscious of being lifted out and carried up a shallow flight of steps, to be set down in a brightly lighted hall, where she blinked and gaped like a new-fledged owlet.

Alack! she was so sleepy that she forgot her curtsies and manners completely, to be roused to the sense of her shortcomings by the sound of a gay laugh as someone gently

removed her fur cloak, crying—

"Poor little coz. It seems a shame to awake her."

Then all at once she realised where she was, and fell into a panic.

Why, there was Uncle Lionel, tall and stern, talking to Aunt Agatha, whilst Aunt Anne fussed over the luggage and bestowal of Parkins, the page, and the pug, leaving her niece to the ministrations of the tall, handsome gentleman who did not look old enough to be Cousin Anthony—and yet . . .

Her cavalier himself interrupted the reflections by tossing her cloak to a maid and taking both cold little hands in his.

"So you are my cousin Olivia?" he asked, smiling.

It was Anthony, then? Anthony, the embryo Jacobite, who was to be kept out of mischief by wedding with Mistress Cynthia Rallings. As Olivia looked into the lean, handsome face, with its merry grey eyes, and dark, slightly powdered hair, marking, too, the tall, straight figure and broad shoulders, she wondered *why* she had pictured such a very different cousin from this.



Olivia sat bolt upright in her mother's withdrawing-room stitching at her sampler.



She curtsied shyly.

She curtsied shyly, her lashes lying on her smooth pink cheek as she remembered that she had added the offence of staring to the rest of her shortcomings.

And la! how drowsy she must have been not to hear her aunt's introduction!

Then, in the midst of her distress, Aunt Anne bustled up to her and whirled her and Aunt Agatha upstairs to a big, snug room, hung with dark blue tapestries, and with a blazing fire on the hearth to welcome them.

When Olivia descended later, in her flowered tansy frock and ribboned mob-cap, she looked quite a different being from the half-frozen, wholly scared little traveller. And, if she were still shy, who so clever at setting her at her ease as Cousin Anthony—who took possession of her whilst the elders played cards with the local parson, and showed her over the dear old house, with its galleries, saloons, nooks, niches, and, last but not least—its secret room.

Olivia was not at all shy by the end of an hour, and found herself chatting away to this new friend, of home, of Roger, Ned, and a hundred things, whilst he listened in no assumed interest, but with a kindly smile on his handsome face, whilst those grey eyes of his approved the baby beauty of this small, delightful cousin, with her big velvet eyes, flushed cheeks, and dainty golden curls.

She was just a picture as she stood there, framed in the open panel which gave entrance to the secret stair that led downwards to gloomy depths and a small stone chamber, whose history was full of such thrills and excitement as Livy and her brothers delighted in.

"You'll come and see for yourself, Cousin?" asked Tony, as he paused, candle in hand, half-way down the steps, to look up at her. "'Tis a famous hiding-place, and it is not only said—but true—that no cries uttered here can reach to the outer world."

Gathering the soft satin of her skirts about her slim ankles, Olivia obeyed the invitation. Never before had she enjoyed herself so vastly, or found a comrade as quickly as she had done in this delightful new relative.

With darkening eyes she beheld the small, desolate chamber in which Tragedy's grim ghost still lingered, and shuddered at sight of the heavy door which locked as soon as closed, leaving the hider or victim within a close prisoner, whilst the door itself appeared when shut but part of the wall.

Then, in the midst of a spirited tale concerning some earlier Anthony Courtleigh, a voice was heard calling for Olivia, and up they had to climb from the realms of terror and romance to the prosaic world above. It was only then that Livy found how fast Cousin Tony had been holding her hand whilst he told his story.

It still wanted three days to Christmas, and Olivia, who had pictured those days spent in prim penance, found herself much mistaken.

Cousin Anthony was goodness itself to her, showing her every item and object of interest in the Park and without. Taking her for splendid walks through the snow, even—once—pretending to be Roger and indulging in a game of snowballing, which came to a premature end, since who should appear to interrupt it but Miss Cynthia Rallings, the masterful heiress who . . . who was going to wed with Cousin Tony and keep him out of mischief.

She certainly gave Livy the impression of being quite equal to the task. She was a big, handsome woman of twenty-five, loud-voiced, strenuous, dominant, who withered up poor little Olivia with one stony glare, and forthwith did her best to reduce Anthony to a proper state of humility by her veiled sarcasm about playing with children.

Later, Tony found his little cousin in tears, and proceeded to put himself very nearly in a temper—by way of consoling her,

and ending by stealing a kiss, which sent her, with burning cheeks and throbbing heart, helter-skelter to her room.

It . . . it was *odious* to remember that Aunt Agatha had bidden her not fall in love with Cousin Anthony, since . . . since he was to marry Mistress Cynthia; and . . . and still worse to perceive that he thought her so much a child that he had not scrupled to kiss her!

Olivia sat in the withdrawing-room that evening and discoursed for her elders on the harpsichord, whilst every time she glanced towards Cousin Anthony's serious face she wondered if he had bestowed so much as a second thought on the kiss which still seemed to tingle on her lips.

It was not till Aunt Agatha had got into bed that night, and Parkins had been dismissed, that she remembered leaving the drops, given her by her physician for a troublesome cough, in the smaller withdrawing-room.

As all the household were abed, there was no help for it but Livy must fetch the bottle.

Poor Olivia, palpitating over such an adventure, since she had a horror of ghosts at midnight hours, slipped on a blue wrapper and crept away like a small ghost herself along the passages, down the broad stairs, and across the hall.

Already a dozen terrors had seized her, sending her scuttling in a panic, only to recover, and tip-toe past her uncle and aunt's bedroom.

Alack! She would never unfasten the bolts on the door or—

Olivia gave a little sigh of relief. Thanks, no doubt, to some careless servant, the door of the withdrawing-room stood wide, whilst a glimmer of moonlight creeping through the shutters would be enough to guide her to the spot where the drops had been left.

So great was the girl's haste, so intent was she in her purpose, that she had the tiny bottle clasped in her hand before she was aware that the door leading to the larger saloon was open, and not only so, but a broad splash of moonlight told of a shutter either taken down or opened.

Olivia came to a sudden halt, listening.

A voice—a man's voice—speaking in low but clear tones, reached her. Livy had ears like a hare, and she not only recognised the speaker as Cousin Anthony, but understood each word of the speech.

"To-morrow? To-morrow at three o'clock at the old Grange—and we ride north?"

Then an answering voice, strange to the listener—

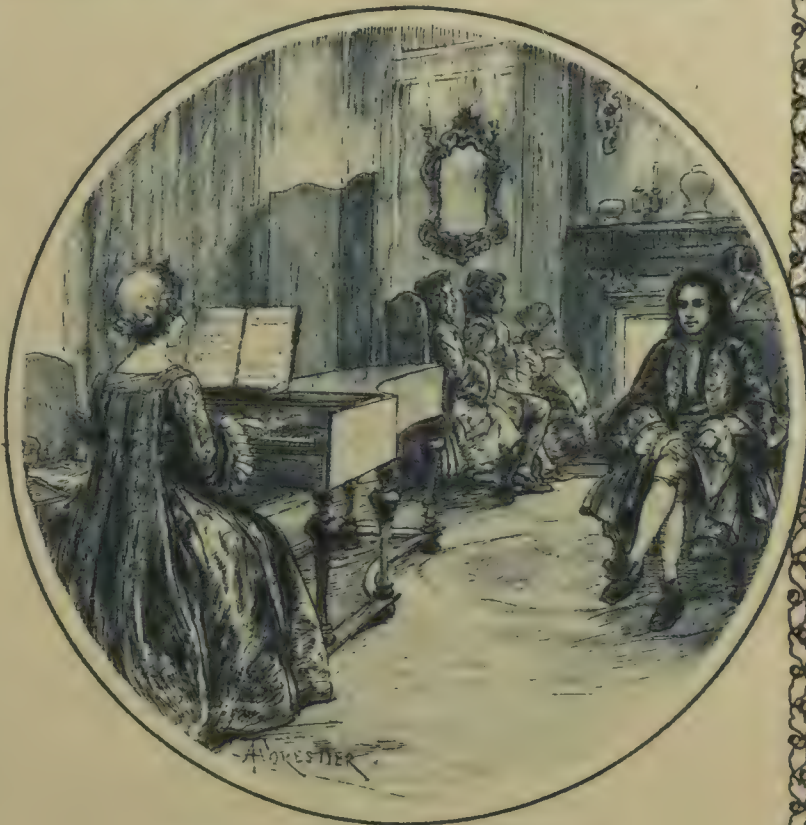
"Yes, with no more delay than the state of the roads and a meeting in town with other comrades make necessary. All is arranged. We meet the rest of our friends at Settle in Yorkshire. If things turn out as they promise, the Chevalier de St. George will be in England—or Scotland—before the New Year is many days old—and ere long on his father's throne at St. James's."

There was more enthusiasm in this speaker's tones than Livy had fancied to catch in Cousin Anthony's. In fact, when the latter spoke again, the little eavesdropper fancied she caught a certain reluctance in his promise not to fail his friends, which was answered by a somewhat curt warning that there could be neither waiting nor delay for laggards.

Then followed the *scrape . . . scrape* of a closing window and shutter, during which Olivia fled.

Aunt Agatha was inclined to rate at the long delay of the tiresome child. She had had a fit of coughing which could have been averted by the drops, and, to add to her indignation, Livy

[Continued on page 6.]



Olivia . . . discoursed for her elders on the harpsichord.



A Christmas Service in the Peninsular War.

Christmas has always asserted its rights, even in the midst of warfare. In recent years campaigners did their best to keep the seasonable tradition alive in the mud and discomfort of Flanders, and they were helped, as active service troops had never been before, by many organisations, which existed for the purpose of lightening the soldiers' lot. Very different was the state of things in the Crimean War, but even there scratch Christmas festivities achieved real heartiness, of which evidence remains in the pages of this journal. Of Peninsular War Christmases we possess fewer details, and certain 25ths of December saw the troops either hotly engaged or effecting toilsome movements in desperate weather. But it is well known that our hard-fighting army in Spain and Portugal were great hands at a festivity, at every possible opportunity, and that the usual ceremonial, including the statutory Church Service, was not altogether omitted, if occasion served. The religious organisation of the Army was less elaborate in those days, and Church services did not play a very prominent part in daily orders. But any celebration must have had a peculiar significance for troops far less closely in touch with home and home institutions than our modern warriors were, reminding them of English scenes and English ways amid the breaches of Iberian and Lusitanian fortresses.

FROM THE DRAWING BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.





The God of the Yule Month: Thor, Shut Out from Valhalla.

"Thor with the bent brow In red beard muttering low": the god of thunder unable to cross the bridge Bifröst like the Valkyries, lest he set it aflame.

Christmas customs embody many elements of Norse mythology, including the use of mistletoe. In "Myths of the Norsemen," from the Eddas and Sagas, by H. A. Guerber, we read: "One month of every year, the Yule month, or Thor's month, was considered sacred to Frey as well as to Thor, and began on the longest night of the year, which bore the name of Mother Night. This month was a time of feasting and rejoicing, for it heralded the return of the sun. The festival was called Yule (wheel) because the sun was supposed to resemble a wheel rapidly revolving across the sky. . . . The first Christian missionaries, perceiving the extreme popularity of this feast, thought it best to encourage drinking to the health of the Lord and his twelve apostles when they began to convert the Northern heathens. . . . Another Yuletide custom was the burning of a huge log. King Olaf transferred most of its observances to Christmas Day, thereby doing much to reconcile the ignorant people to their change of religion. . . . As he was god of thunder, Thor alone was never allowed to pass over the wonderful bridge Bifröst, lest he should set it aflame by the heat of his presence." In the lower part of Mr. Sime's fine drawing, Thor is seen brooding over this grievance, while above the nine Valkyries, Odin's battle-maidens, are riding across the bridge into Valhalla.—[FROM THE DRAWING BY S. H. SIME.]

showed no proper sense of her neglect and laziness, but scarcely replied to her aunt's reproaches, merely saying she had been as quick as possible.

But, through the long hours of the night, a weary while after Aunt Agatha's placid snores rolled in sonorous rhythm through the chamber, a small golden head tossed restlessly on the pillow, whilst wide blue eyes visioned a handsome, merry comrade being dragged away to prison—and death.

Prison—and death. Oh! It was too terrible—too terrible! Yet, had she not heard both her own father and Uncle Lionel say that rascally Jacobites deserved no less? And she was sure . . . sure . . . Tony did not *want* to be a Jacobite. Aunt Agatha had been right in saying he had got tangled in these foolish plots, and . . . and now, no doubt, he felt in honour bound to go on getting more tangled—and yet more, till the terrible web dragged him to Tower Hill.

One's evil visions do not become less as one pictures them over and over again during wakeful hours, and no wonder that poor Livy rose on that day of Christmas Eve wan, heavy-eyed, equally convinced that Cousin Tony would be riding to his death this day, and that she would never, never be happy again if King George cut his head off, since . . . since . . .

But Livy—remembering Mistress Cynthia—never got further than that—*since*.

It might have been imagination that Cousin Anthony seemed more grave and less inclined for jesting that day, nor did he reply with any enthusiasm when his mother told him that during the afternoon Mistress Cynthia Rallings would be in to help hang the house with Christmas decorations.

Olivia sat quiet as a little mouse in the big window-seat of the library trying to read, but she had not scanned a single sentence—she was thinking as only a desperate woman can think. For, at this crisis, the child Livy had been metamorphosed into a woman grown.

And now the colour rose pinkly to her cheeks as she slipped from her seat and went boldly forth in search of Cousin Tony.

Someone—God maybe, since she had been praying—had given her an idea, and, as there was no time for weighing pros and cons, she intended to act swiftly upon it, and leave possible consequences till later.

For . . . if she . . . did not act . . . Cousin Tony . . . might be losing his precious life on . . . Tower Hill like . . . Earls Derwentwater and Kenmare.

Anthony was in the hall, whistling a sporting refrain; he smiled at Olivia, but his lips were wry, and there was a queer look which might have been pain in his grey eyes.

"Well, little coz," said he, in make-believe gaiety, "and what can I do for you? You look almost woe-begone."

She flushed, rallying to play her part.

"'Deed then," she retorted, "I had no thought for it. I've been writing to Roger and Ned and . . . and am a trifle weary. But you have it in your power to pleasure me."

"And how?" he asked, gazing intently into the lovely, up-turned face, "I'd go far—if I'd time—to do that."

She laughed. "This is no further than your secret chamber," she replied, "I've a whim to see it again—and . . . and prove for myself how secret it can be. Will you favour me?"

He glanced at the clock. Yes, he had nearly an hour to spare, and, without guessing how that glance sealed a purpose, turned to lead the way towards the gallery where the entrance to the secret stair was found.

Olivia was breathless before she reached the tiny stone chamber whose history was so full of romance and tragedy.

"How drear," she shuddered, "lack-a-me! What vapours the place gives me! Yet I'll have a tale pat for Roger of what it feels like to be a prisoner. Will you stand yonder, coz, and blow out the light? I'll be by myself and picture a hundred terrors."

Without a hint to suspicion her intention her cousin laughingly obeyed, believing her to be indulging in some whim of imagination. A moment later a sharp click startled him.

"Livy!" he cried, and groped towards where she had stood. The place was empty, and, with outstretched hands, he came in contact with a fast-closed door which opened only on the outer side.

He was a prisoner!—a prisoner on whom honour bound the pledge to ride north in less than an hour.

At first he believed it to be but an ill-timed jest, and banged upon the door, shouting peremptorily to Olivia to open instantly or he should be very angry. Nor threats, nor entreaties, nor prayers, had any effect—and Tony was not likely to forget the family tradition that no sound penetrated from the stone chamber of Courtleigh Park.

But Olivia, leaving her captive to rage in impotent anger and perplexity as to the meaning of this unprecedented act, fled up the stair, closing the panel behind her with trembling fingers.

Then, finding herself alone here amongst the shadows of a winter's afternoon, she burst into tearless sobs. She had . . . had saved Tony, possibly from Tower Hill—and a traitor's death; but he . . . he would never forgive her—never. If he . . . had liked her before—as grey eyes had managed to convey—he would hate her now; and oh! at thought of meeting his anger her grief became almost uncontrollable.

Then another thought came to torment her. She not only robbed Tony of his liberty at a crucial moment, but had also stolen from him his honour.

This Jacobite plot into which he had been inveigled would be sure to fail, since her father had said the English people would never tolerate a Romanist King on the throne again; and just because it must fail Tony would never be able to forgive her, since his friends would always believe he had held back in cowardice and for expediency's sake from a forlorn hope.

Olivia had strong views about manly honour, inculcated by the brothers who were her comrades. She could imagine Ned's and Roger's scorn in thinking a man would wish his life spared at expense of honour and good faith.

There should . . . there *must* be none to believe such lies of Tony. *But the men waiting at the Old Grange would believe it.*

Olivia drew a deep breath. She was in a mood ripe for action. She could not endure to wait idly and unconcernedly till the hour when Tony might be freed. She must act.

This was the inspiration of a moment, to be seized upon in scarcely less time.

Up to her room stole Livy, donned cloak and hood and thick boots, and was out through a side postern unseen by any, ten minutes after a first resolve had been born.

"I'll go to the Old Grange and tell them the truth," thought she. "They can but kill me."

Just then death seemed easy compared with meeting Anthony's reproaches.

The men who waited in the empty hall of the Old Grange waxed impatient. Their horses were tethered in the copse without; it wanted but three minutes to the hour of departure, and all were met saving Tony Courtleigh, whom each secretly regarded as a somewhat lukewarm comrade in a cherished enterprise.

Whatever faults these luckless Stuarts possessed, they had the trick of inspiring a matchless love and enthusiasm in the breasts of their followers. So there were mutterings amongst those gathered in the ruined house which long ago had been termed haunted and so left to decay.

"We cannot wait after the hour," rapped out the leader impatiently, "or we shall end by being late for our own rendezvous. Besides, I have neither excuse nor place for laggards."

"Courtleigh promised to be here," retorted another of the company; "and I vow he is a man of honour and his word."

"Both seem to have failed him now," sneered a third. "I'm for the saddle, and the devil take—"



"Will you stand yonder, coz, and blow out the light? I'll be by myself and picture a hundred terrors."

The speaker was interrupted by the sound of a quick footfall without, and the door was pushed open to admit—as all supposed—Courtleigh himself.

One glance sufficed to disappoint this hope and to raise further alarm.

A small, cloaked figure stood in the doorway, with hood fallen back from a glowing face. But the roses brought to Olivia's cheeks by her hasty run through snow-clogged lanes faded as she saw the grim circle of faces before her. Sir Gresham Blount, the leader of the party, stepped forward. He spoke only one word—

"Betrayed!"

A thrill ran round the company. There was so ugly a sound in those two syllables that they forgot they were gazing at a lass out of the ordinary—pretty.

Olivia wilted and paled. She quite made up her mind she was going to die, and wondered—vaguely—whether Cousin Tony would think her death made up for her desperate action.

"This is Courtleigh's doing," she heard one man say aloud. "I saw the lass with him yesterday. No doubt we shall have the soldiers following. Yet—I could not have—"

This speech assisted Livy to the finding of her voice. Once more the colour burned in her cheeks, her eyes sparkled. She forgot . . . she was going to die.

"Oh, how can you believe it?" she cried, her voice rising in shrill accusation. "You know he could never, never, never be a traitor."

Sir Gresham's laugh was grim.

"Then why, Madam," he asked cuttingly, "are you here in his place?"

Olivia regarded him wide-eyed. It was the moment of confession, and she made it with some dramatic sense and a spirit which she herself could hardly recognise.

"I heard him say he would be here," she replied. "I . . . I was in the next room, where I had come to fetch Aunt Agatha's drops. There . . . was another man—I did not see him, but I heard all . . . about this meeting and your going north to see . . . the Pretender. I . . . I knew if Cousin Tony went he would become a . . . a traitor and lose . . . his head, perhaps, at Tower Hill. So . . . I locked him in the secret chamber . . . where none can hear his cries, because . . . because the man . . . the other man . . . said they would not wait for him. And he will be very . . . very angry when I set him free. . . . He will never forgive me for . . . for saving him."

So surprising was the tale that all who heard it stood dumb. Yet the curious part was that none could disbelieve the speaker, amazing though her story was. Did they—these lovers of an exiled Prince, these enthusiasts in a hopeless cause—know enough of another sort of love to read the riddle of the tale?

Yet Sir Gresham was not wholly satisfied.

"If this be true," quoth he sceptically, "and you the true-blue Whig your sentiments show you, for what purpose are you here? Why have you not sent the soldiers in your place?"

Olivia's eyes dilated in surprise as she looked into the stern, grizzled face of the Jacobite leader.

"Nay," she faltered, "I . . . I came because I know a man's honour is dearer to him than his life, and that in truth Cousin Tony could never, never forgive me did he think you rode north believing him a traitor to his cause. For the rest, Sir, I too have my honour—and could not betray those whose secret I learned in such a manner."

The child spoke so seriously, and with such quaint dignity, that not a man from Sir Gresham downwards but was ashamed of his suspicions.

"So," murmured the leader, "then it was to save your lover's honour you came, Madam?"

The scarlet flush brought tears to Olivia's eyes.

"Oh, no," she cried in maiden shame, "he . . . he is not my lover. He . . . is to wed with Mistress Cynthia Rallings, who . . . Aunt Agatha says . . . will keep him out of mischief. I am only—his cousin."

Sir Gresham took her cold little hand, bowing over it.

"Madam," he replied, "pardon me saying that Tony Courtleigh would be a fool did he look elsewhere than to his little cousin to be kept out of mischief. For the rest, I think I prove my admiration for your spirit by claiming no vow of secrecy from you. Soon all England will know why I and my friends ride north, but how we shall ride south is a different matter and in the hands of Heaven. I think we are strangers to you—let us meet as strangers, I pray, should King George remain on an English throne. For the rest, if it is otherwise ordained and our hopes are realised, King James shall know why a certain little Whig should win his favour, since there is a law to which all men and women owe devoir. The law—of love."

He raised his dark eyes to her flushing, paling face, and Livy—feeling that she would the earth could open and swallow her up—

knew he had guessed her secret—the secret she had only known herself a few short hours before.

So those men who had vowed to set a Stuart on the English throne went forth, leaving the girl who had avowed herself true-blue Whig alone and unmolested in the house to which she had come to meet her death.

She had offered no brief for her good faith—but it was stamped on her brow. They knew that this young maid, being what she was, could not play the traitor to any cause having once given her word. Was it that Ned and Roger had impressed their lesson of honour well—or had another been her silent teacher?

Alas! poor Livy. Though the men who mounted their horses in yonder copse might speak of her smilingly as a heroine, she felt none of the exaltation of such a part. Alone, in the rat-haunted old ruin, she crouched sobbing—because now she would have to be returning to—an inexorable judge. . . .

Mistress Cynthia Rallings was in the most vixenish of tempers when she arrived by special invitation to help wreath the holly-berries round the old hall at Courtleigh Park, according to the time-honoured custom of Christmas Eve, and found no sign of the handsome gallant who she hoped was the suitor for her hand. Where was Tony? Sir Lionel asked the question frowningly of every one except the white-cheeked, red-eyed little niece who came creeping down—presumably from her room—during the process of the decorations, whilst frost-nipped fingers bungled so foolishly at their task that Mistress Cynthia sniffed knowingly, guessing at some unnamed tryst between the cousins out in the winter's gloaming. Fortunately for Livy, however, none of the elders—least of all Sir Lionel—shared Mistress Rallings' suspicions, and Olivia remained dumb concerning the prisoner in the secret chamber.

But her thoughts were with him all the time, her tender heart torn as she pictured Cousin Tony's wrath when the hour for liberation dawned.

Poor child, she was cold with terror and dismay as she crept, wan as a ghost, along the gallery to the grim task of all. A task far more terrible than facing murderous Jacobites in a haunted ruin.

She had heard Sir Lionel say to his wife as she glided by that, though Tony was to blame for absenting himself on Christmas-



A small, cloaked figure stood in the doorway, with hood fallen back from a glowing face.

Eve, there had been no need for Mistress Cynthia to show such temper, and he for one would be sorry to be her husband. A remark which vaguely pleased the little culprit who was the cause of all the pother.

Oh! If only she might run away home and leave another to the dreadful task of facing Cousin Anthony.

But though Olivia was little more than a child, she did not lack courage, and so it was that presently a man, leaning huddled against the wall in a black prison, heard a door-catch click, and—in the yellow light of a candle—beheld the slender figure of the lass who had dared to thwart him in a sworn enterprise.

Yet, if he expected to find triumph in the small face which showed so white under its high cap, he was mistaken, and even his very just wrath melted at the sight of such piteous fear.

But Livy did not wait to give explanations as she fled back up the stone stair—afraid, because of the stern reproach which . . . was worse than anger in grey eyes.

It was Christmas morning. A Christmas of bright sunshine, which fell on the glittering pall of snow and made the drab old world a dainty fairy-land, in which little Olivia Mallinton played no poor part of queen.

Yet was she a queen without kingdom or subjects as she stood there—alone, too sad at heart to hear the joy bells, which through the long ages have echoed an angelic song.

She had gone supperless to bed last night, making excuse of headache to escape curious enquiries. And this morning, after screwing up all her courage to appear at breakfast, she was met with the dismaying news that Tony had left home at so early an hour that none had been astir to hear the reason for his going.

Yet, at the table, there had been the evidence of something amiss. Sir Lionel sat scowling and glum in his carved chair at the head of the board; Aunt Anne was tearful behind the urn; whilst Aunt Agatha slung out hints of young fools and their folly, hot-heads, and the wily spiders that caught unwary flies, till Livy could have screamed in her apprehension.

Now, as she stood alone under snow-laden trees in the great avenue, her heart was full to bursting with trouble. Was it possible this could be Christmas morning? Christmas, the happiest, merriest season of the year! But she had—strangely enough—scarce a thought to bestow on Roger and Ned, or a regret that she was not at home to share their gammocks. All her mind was filled with forebodings that she had failed. Failed to save Tony from Tower Hill, whilst earning his everlasting reproach.

The jingle of a bridle and sound of approaching horse-hoofs roused her, and scarce was her reverie broken than a man had swung himself out from his saddle, and, with bridle neatly slipped through his arm, was by her side.

Olivia gave one cry, and then stood still as if frozen, whilst the colour first faded then flooded in her cheeks.

"Cousin . . . Tony," she faltered, for she *had* to speak, else she must have broken down into tears provoked by



Frost-nipped fingers bungled so foolishly at their task that Mistress Cynthia sniffed knowingly.

the curious emotions thrilling her at sight of those grey eyes that were looking down . . . down into her heart, with neither anger nor reproach in their gaze.

"I met Jack Trevennen on the road to London," said Anthony, without greeting or preamble, "'twas he you heard speaking with me at the window." The plot to win the throne for the Chevalier is quashed before ripening. Those who rode from the Old Grange yesterday are fleeing back for their lives; two are already prisoners, since a meeting held in town ere their ride north was broken in on by King George's soldiers—spy led. I should have been in prison or on

my way to France at best had I been in that company. Jack Trevennen met me on my road. He had time to tell his tale. He told me, too, how an heroic lass had ventured alone amongst desperate conspirators because she knew I held my plighted word higher than life or convictions. I have been asking myself what words I can use in . . . thanking . . . that young maid who saved—the life and honour of an ingrate. Canst help me—little coz?"

Then the tears came. Olivia could not help them. She was not a great heroine after all—but only a child made strong by love. And so tears were all the answer she could give.

But perhaps that answer was the most eloquent of all—and the one that made Tony's part the easiest, for what else could he do but gather the sobbing child in his arms—and comfort her in the way common to all lovers, and so needing no tuition?

"And will your father be *very* angry?" whispered Olivia, raising an April face from Tony's shoulder, "because . . . because . . . my mother promised I should not fall in love with you since . . . since you . . . you were to wed Mistress Rallings."

Cousin Tony's laugh was ringing with its whole-hearted amusement—for what man is not gay when he has his heart's desire in his arms?

"And why, Madam," he asked, tilting a rounded chin to the correct level for his lips to seek the quivering red ones so near them, "should I be condemned for my sins to wed Mistress Rallings?"

Her eyes were like stars, so full were they of happiness—and a latent roguery which led to a demure drooping of lashes.

"An it please you, cousin," whispered Livy, "'twas said that lady alone could keep you out of mischief."

"The more need," he retorted, kissing her unabashed, "to convince the speakers of such heresy of their mistake. Come, little one, without delay, and I will introduce to my honoured parents the virago who locked her future lord up in a prison cell to keep him safely, and further bound him as her slave when, at long last, she freed him. What record can the world give of more complete subjugation? I warrant none will deny your right to hold your captive—as your own for all time."

It proved that even Sir Lionel himself could not deny the justice of this argument.

And Christmas bells, jangling merrily over a snow-bound world, found echo in the hearts of the two who had found in so strange a bye-way the Christmas gift—of love.

[THE END.]



"And why, Madam," he asked, tilting a rounded chin to the correct level for his lips to seek the quivering red ones so near them, "should I be condemned for my sins to wed Mistress Rallings?"



A CHRISTMAS DAY CASUALTY.

FROM THE PAINTING BY LAWSON WOOD.



FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

A CAST SHOE.

Lucky to find a farrier here,
 Half a mile more, she'd a' gone dead lame.
 Truth, you're right, an' it's ten mile clear
 On to the next, old what's-his-name ;
 (Better the job to me than him)
 What's your news - are ye lately come
 Back from the wars ? We're out o' the swim.
 Little we hear o' the fife and drum.

Back about August, folks did say
 Something was doing across the seas,
 We fought some fellows that ran away ;
 Where was it ? Hold ye, if ye please,
 I'll mind it soon, if ye give me time :
 Minden ? Ay, that was the name they gave,
 An' a tale o' roses they pitched, but I'm
 Danged if that last bit ain't a shave.

No ? D'ye say it's Gospel true ?
 How d'ye know ? What ! Bless my heart !
 You sittin' there an' smokin', you
 Was one o' the boys that did their part

An' plucked the roses down Minden way.
 Well, that was the Foot, to tell you straight ;
 For Minden wasn't a cavalry day.
 We thought they'd give us a chance, t'nough late,

But Sackville refused to put us in
 Right at the end : well meant, no doubt,
 But Lard ! who would ask to save his skin,
 When a charge would a' turned retreat to rout ?
 All is, our Foot was a sight, egad,
 A single line that broke clean through
 Three lines of enemy horse that had
 A bellyful an' a beating too.

And all in the space of an hour at that !
 You think I'm tellin' the tale, my friend,
 But I never do that to a man, that's flat.
 Though I have to a girl, at times, no end ;
 Still, that's the way o' the world, John Smith,
 You've done 't' yourself, if your eye speaks true—
 Finished ? Gadzooks you're a lad o' pith !
 An' what may King George be owin' you ?—L. N.



The Lady Ste. Bride.

Listen in the fire-light glow
To a tale of long ago;
While the wine-cup goes its way
Bark a tale of yesterday,
Sweet as is a river's song
When the sun shines fierce and strong

Sweet as tune of little bird
All alone in forest heard.
List ye, sitting by my side
At this merry Christmastide
To the tale of Lady Bride.

Bride was a fair maiden, never fairer in all the land. For she lived at the North—so said he that told me this story—and I saw it in a book also that had pictures.

It was a strange, bare land, and Bride lived nigh to the sea-shore in a castle alone with her mother. For the Lord of the Castle was long since dead. Yea, he died when the little maiden was but a new-born babe.

And when he was dying the mother said to him, "What shall I call her?" And he said, "She is as fair as thou." But the Lady Marguerite said, "Nay, but far fairer." He said, "When thou went with me on the day when we were wedded there was none fairer than thou, nor could have been in all the world." And she said, "I will call her Bride."

And he said, "Even so it is, she is called Bride." For there was no christening then, for Christ Jesus our Lord was not yet born. But it was a sad country, full of all wickedness and wrong-doing. For they killed children to their gods, and their gods found pleasure therein. And a woman might say naught against it, for they treated women wickedly even as they listed, and if they listed ill, it was ill, and if well, well.

Even in such manner did Bride grow up in the Castle Bordenere. (That meaneth edge of the mere, namely, the sea.) For there were faithful men that guarded her, and the folk of that place were not evil at heart. And there was one, Sir Freer, that was as right a lad as ever you knew, save that he wot not of Christ and Christ's ways.

I ween that Bride was lonely in Castle Bordenere. She played all day with pieces of wood and stones, and she bathed them and kissed them, and set them a-bed, and sung lullaby even as if they were little ones out of her own white self.

Little baby, lullaby;
Bark the chanting of the sea,
And the sounding of the foam,
Art not glad to be at home,

Lying there so close to me,
Breathing there so quietly?
Little baby, lullaby;
Lulla, baby, lullaby.

And as she grew older, even to be a maiden, and the sticks and stones gave her no more pleasure, then her eyes grew sad, and anon and anon went she down to the sea-shore when the sun shone and listened to the crooning of the waves, quiet and slow, as they bowed in love to the land, and watched the ripple children run back after them.

And sometimes she sang.

And one day Lord Freer rode past. And so again, often on a day when the sun shone. Yea, and also when it shone not, but there was mist and rain. For there was yet a hope in his heart that Bride would be there.

On a day Bride went down to the sea-shore. And she came to a pool blue as the sky and cool as the wind. And she knecled beside it and plunged her arm deep into the water. And the little minney fishes came around it and thrust their faces against the white fingers as it were saying, "Is there naught within there for us?"

And as she knelt there the Lord Freer came past, very fair in the sunlight. And he lighted from his horse. And he said, "Surely thou hast lost a ring in the pool that thou plungest thine arm so deep." She saith, "Nay." But he thrust in his arm. And he met her fingers beneath the clear water. And he saith, "Even so shall I keep what I have found." And he said, "Bride, wilt thou be Lady of my Castle and wife to me?"

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So was Bride wedded to the Lord of the Castle. And on a time there came to her a very fair child, a little boy child, white as her own fair bosom, and he lay there a-crowling all day long. And Bride said, "Now is my joy complete."

Yet was it but the beginning of sorrow. For there fell on the land a dreadful pestilence, never so dreadful was known. And they prayed to their gods, but it availed naught. And they sacrificed goats and cows. But it did not avail. And they said, "The gods are hungry, they must have men." And lo! so it was that they murdered poor little children. And they said, "It availeth not. What more can we do?"

And as the Lord of the Castle sat in the evening in full winter, sore cast down and very sad, there came a crying at the gate, and the watchman saith, "Who is it?" They said, "It is all of us." He saith, "Who are chief?" And there came forward the heads of the village and the priest. And they went into the hall. And the Lord saith, "Yet more death?" They say, "Yet more death everywhere. The gods will not be appeased save with the greatest. For look you how their eyes gaze down on us." And through the window lo! a star, bright as the moon, that shone and moved and moved and shone.

He saith, "What would you?"

They say, "The greatest only will suffice."

He saith, "What, my child also?"

And they tore the little one away from her. And the Lord sat there with his head in his arms, and he said, "What are these gods that can be so cruel?"

And Lady Bride fled to her chamber that looked out over the sea. And she lay on her bed and knew nothing.

And at last, in the hall, the Lord started up and laid his hand to his sword and said, "Yea, even the greatest. And the father is more than the son, yet by the wrath of man shall I die, rather than my son perish by the greed of these gods."

But aloft in her chamber lay Lady Bride. And the sea was peaceful as the breast of a child. And the star shone. And brighter it shone, even as the star of a magic sleep, and the beams of the star came in at the window and glimmered upon her face, and a singing was mingled with the singing of the waves, even as the song of many angels. And there came two angels and took her up and carried her away. And over the sea the light of their wings grew fainter, far over the edge of the sky to where little Christ Jesus was born that night. And Bride nursed Mother Mary and the Little One in the night of pain.

And anon, as morning dawned through the chinks and the lattices, there stood the Lord of the Castle with his sword in his hand stained with blood and his child lying asleep on his shield. And he cried to the men in the doorway and the courtyard that cringed before him, "No gods are they that can be so cruel."

And as he cried there came from above a singing, for it was the first Christmas song of her who had nursed Child Jesus.

And he said, "Come now, let us lay this at her feet. For I ween she knoweth of gods for us that will save us. For our hearts are hard and who shall guide us to the light save she who brought us thence into the world?"

Little Jesu, unto Thee
Sing we lulla, lullabie.
Unto Baby Jesu we
Sing a lulla, lullabie.
Softly sleep, and sweetly dream,
Lying in the starlight beam.
Dream of heaven that was thy home,
Unto us earth-children come;
Slowly, softly come thy breath,
Think not of the cross and death:

We shall moan and we shall weep,
Baby Jesu, softly sleep;
And anon the time will be,
Thou shalt bring our hearts to thee,
Dying on the cross to make
Earth more happy for our sake.
But to-night we sing to thee,
Baby Jesu, lullabie,
Lulla, baby, lullabie,
Lullabie.



Marie of Arteans.

This is of Jacques who made stone images; and the story is true, because I heard it myself.

Mother Mary, up on high,
Standing white against the sky,
Holding little Jesu, blest
Baby child, against thy breast—
We be sinful men, but thou

Knowest well our hearts, I trow.
Mother Mary, standing high
On the church-top next the sky,
Bid one prayer to heaven go
For me as I pass below.

Now they were building a church in the village of Arteans. It was the old Abbot of the Abbey that first began to build. Then soldiers came and destroyed the Abbey when of the church there was nought more than the walls and the roof, all plain and bare. And so the years went by, and they said, "It will be finished some day, when the Abbey is made again." And so they passed it by. Only the children played in and out of the porch, and the old men looked at it and nodded in the sunshine.

Then so it was that there came monks again to the Abbey at last. And they had money in plenty, and they said, "All this shall be set right at last." And they sent abroad for workers. But there came few of the skill to do the images and the carving. Many there were to work, but not one to plan and make beautiful, and the monks knew not what to do.

At last there went the Abbot through the market-place one day, and he beheld an image of an old woman on a stall. It was made of wood, very wonderful. For it had wrinkles and lines and folds and crows'-feet all over the little dirty wizened face, and she sat over a great cauldron or pot and made therein a mixture I know not what, so wicked and hideous she looked. And the Abbot said, "Our gargoyles! our gargoyles! Lo! now, who made this wonderful image?"

And the man at the stall said, "There is a lad with a little wife round as a cherry, and both are poor as two birds on a bare winter tree. They live many, many days' journey from here. Scarce go I there once in a twelvemonth. When I go, he bringeth me such things, but I get little money for them. For of what use be these little images, save to set on a shelf?"

The Abbot said, "I will send straightway."

So there came a messagere to Jacques the carver's house. And he found him with his little wife that was round as a cherry. They were eating a supper of bread and of cheese made of milk.

The messagere saith, "My lord the Abbot of Arteans saith, 'Come, carve us gargoyles on his church, and he will give thee five livres for each month.'"

Jacques saith, "What is an Abbot, and where is Arteans? And what is a gargoyle? And who talketh of livres? I have not so much as a sou. I do not know what a livre is."

He saith, "My lord the Abbot of Arteans—that is from here many days'—aye, and weeks' journey, My lord saith, 'Come, carve us gargoyles'—that is, carving on a church of strange monsters."

"Al, al," saith Jacques. "Can I not carve strange monsters! Never saw you such! Look you here."

"O, O, Jacques," saith the little wife round as a cherry, "would that he would take them and carry them away, for they be so ugly they look at me in my sleep."

The messagere saith, "He will give thee five livres—that is, gold pieces, worth many sous, for every month, so that thou do good gargoyles."

Jacques saith, "How shall I not go! Lo! straightway I will up behind thee on thy horse."

"O, O," saith the little wife round as a cherry, "O, O, and he thinketh not of me!"

So Jacques came many days' journey to the Church of Arteans, and did gargoyles, marvellous hideous. And he worked day and he worked night, and he never thought, never a whit, of the little wife round as a cherry. But he made his images so ugly as never was stone before.

Autumn faded into winter, and yet the work went on. And the Abbot said—

"Never so was stone before:
Glaring eyes and open jaw,
Double row of arrow teeth,
Monstrous tongue curled underneath.

Every devil, great and small,
Row on row, till there are all—
All save one, for still a place
Waiteth yet for Satan's face."

[Continued overleaf.]



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Very marvellous work it was.

So Jacques worked every day, late summer, and golden autumn, and the bleak of winter. At day's dawning, and at midday bustle, and at evening's quiet close ever came the click, click, of his hammer. Yea, and often on the wooden steeple of a night shone the beam of his lantern, and over the silent market-place came the click, click, click, as he fashioned new heads strange and wonderful.

Autumn faded into winter, and yet the work went on. And the Abbot said, "Of a very truth he is a marvellous craftsman; scarce over half a year and Christmas coming nigh and he has been working there. And before Christmas is long past will all be finished."

And the hammer went on click, click, click.

Then came in God's Christmas Day
When the folk go all to pray
And "Blessed Season" to thee say;
And at night make feast and song,
Laugh and jest the eve along.

Merry day with joy and game
Is the day when Jesus came—
Jesus, baby meek and low,
Into this our land of woe.

So all the folk came to the church, and afterward went to their homes, each one to make merry. And short afternoon faded into eve and evening to twilight. But still sounded the click, click, click of Jacques' hammer high up on the steeple.

And the old cronies by the fireside shook their heads and said, "Good will not come of it, for it is sin to work on a Christmas Day, and more sin on Christmas night, when the ghosts walk through the country-side and make it their own for a brief while."

But Jacques, high up on his steeple, lighted his lantern and plied his chisel, click, click, click; and it was Satan himself's head he was making. Far below the little lights in the cottages came out, and the faint sound of voices rose up to him. And anon the lights faded, and there were only the stars and the sky and silence and the lantern light. And he laughed aloud, "Lo! I never made anything so hideous. Well fit is it for Prince Satan himself. Lo! look at the lolling tongue and the gap teeth."

Then a voice by his side, "Is it so, indeed?" And it was one even so, with lolling tongue and gap teeth and fire—I cannot tell how dreadful.

And the dreadful one said, "A very fair image, in truth; a very fair jest—

Get thee down
And break thy crown.
Who doth Satan's image make
Perishes for Satan's sake.

From the steeple tumbling go
Fall upon the ground below!
Down, down, and break thy crown
On the ground below!"

And he gave him a push as it were of a team of oxen. And Jacques said, "Out, alas! here ends it." And lo! as he tripped there came into his mind thought of the little wife round as a cherry, and he thought, "Lo! all these months have I never given mind to her, and what shall she do now?"

And even as he thought it there came a gentle hand upon his neck, and he stood up again on the steeple safe and sound. And he crossed himself and said, "Mary Mother, keep me from the devil." For lo! before him it was Mother Mary herself, even she that had saved him. And he said, "Blessed one, was it thou?" She said, "Even I; for hadst thou not thought that one thought of my little one, thy wife round as a cherry, there hadst thou been on the ground below. For man's life was not made to be lived in loneliness, nor man's hands fashioned to make ugliness. Go thou to her that waits thee and needs thee, even as does every woman when her Christmas cometh."

And lo! by the moonlight he looked on the image that he had been making, but it was not Satan at all. But the little round face of a mother, sweet and pale in the moonlight, and full of longing, even as Mother Mary herself. And in the image's arms was a baby, lying without strength, just come into the world.

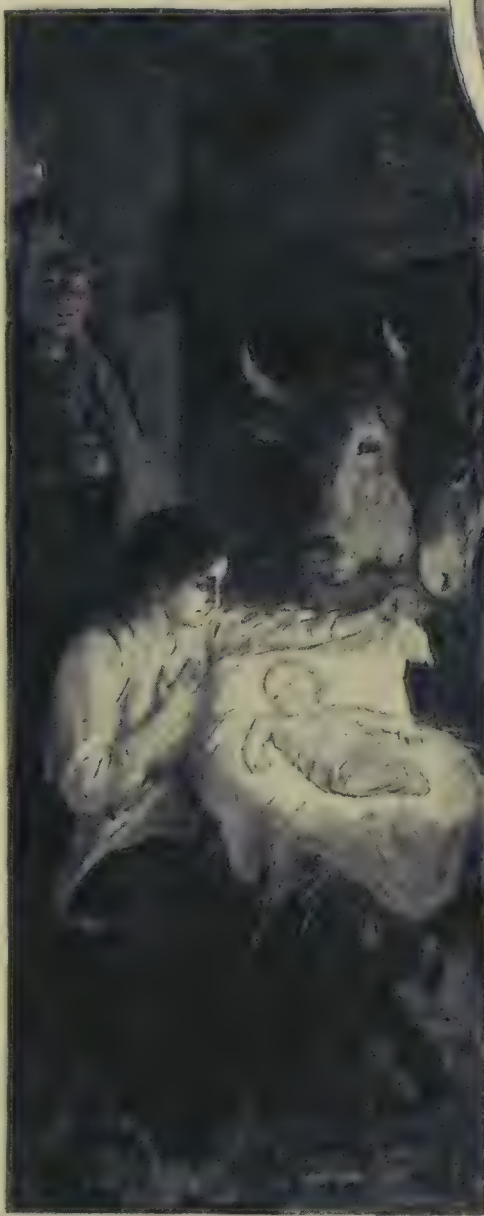
And he went to his wife.

And the image is called Marie of Arteans even now, and the story is true and even so, for I heard it myself.

Mother Mary up on high,
Standing white against the sky,
Holding little Jesu, blest
Baby child, against thy breast.
We be sinful men, but thou

Knowest well our hearts, I trow.
Mother Mary, standing high
On the church-top next the sky,
Bid one prayer to heaven go
For me as I pass below.





CHRISTMAS PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

When Christmas gloaming
Gathers, children of earth
Draw to the hearth,
Let fancy roaming
Play the old game,
Pictures in flame.

Here, a shepherd's cot
With casement lighted
Bids the benighted
Traveller bless his lot,
Serves him for guide
To his ingle-side.

And see the shepherd there
With lantern go
Over the snow
Folding his flock, his care.
Ah! he has vanished away.
Fire fancies never stay.

Follows another
Image of Christmas lore:
Shepherds, star-led, adore
Christ-child and Mother,
And in the heart of fire
Shines the Celestial Choir.



FROM COACH TO CAR—BUT CHRISTMAS CHEER REMAINS UNCHANGED.



DOES the flight of year on year
Steal the charm from Christmas cheer?
Has the legend any truth
For the sceptic car of youth?
Do our children, worldly wise,
Look on Yule with doubtful eyes,
Counting all its ancient glory
Borrowed plumes from Dickens' story?

Hardly; for the gilded fable
Holds essential truths and stable.
Something in the festal season
Rooted stands in human reason.
Every 25th December
Summons mortals to remember
Certain cheerful celebrations
Common to the Christian nations.

Christmas journeys must be taken.
Though we be no longer shaken
From our coach by foot-pads naughty,
There's excitement still for haughty

Motorists, whose rapid hobby
Steal the charm from Christmas cheer?
Finds disfavour with the Bobby.
Turpin swung as high as Haman,
Now the Law has turned highwaymen.

Household hearths, at Yule's returning,
Find, of sorts, the Yule-log burning.
Be it but the gas-lit grate or
Soft electric radiator
Which the man who sells us bring
Carted home, not we, perspiring,
As did grand-dad, when in salad
Days he practised Herrick's ballad.

Outwardly, we're more refined
Than our forbears, when they dined.
Their manners loud and hearty
Of the jolly family party
Halling with delighted babel
Every dish that came to table.
Heated rooms and hot potatoes
Reinforced their delectations.



Then, replete with rich plum-duff,
Up they got for blind-man's buff.
Still, one loves to think, the rule
When the children keep their Yule.
Christmas, in my fond belief,
Is the children's day-in-chief;
But for them and all they make it,
Ancient honour might forsake it.

Children of a larger size,
Be it noted, don't despise
Those ordained, essential things
Which the annual orgy brings.
Where's the man too old to know
How to use the mistletoe?
Though one must not kiss and tell,
Girls, it's rumoured, know as well.

Pledge we then the ancient laws:
Holly berries, Santa Claus,
Snow, if thoughtful Clerks of Weather
Choose to make it fall together

With the maddest, merriest feast
Marked with Rubric by the priest.
May Jack Frost, too, stand in waiting
With a Christmas gift of skating.

Though the noisy family rout
Has to some extent "gone out,"
Christmas dinner holds its own
In a more fastidious tone.
Two by two we toast the Day,
Four by four sit down to play;
Cooler, neater, less gregarious
We've become, and less hilarious.

In its essence, Christmas knows
Little change, though outward shows
Alter. For the worse or better?
Who'll determine to the letter?
But you'll note one steadfast thing
Whereupon no change you'll bring;
Yet you can't avoid, you'll say,
Finding change on Boxing Day.





"CINDERELLA."

DRAWN BY NOEL FLOWER.



"THE BABES IN THE WOOD."

DRAWN BY NOEL FLOWER.



CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE DAYS OF THE CRINOLINE.



THE CHRISTMAS MORNING RECEPTION.

Fair Ladies of Yesteryear.



"La royne Blanche comme ung lys,
Qui chantoit à voix de seraine,
Berthe au grand pied, Beatrix,
Allys,
Haremburges, qui tint le Mayne,
Et Jehanne, la bonne Lorraine,
Qu'Anglois bruslerent à Rouen:
Ou sont-ils, Vierge souveraine?...
Mais où sont les neiges d'antan!"
—VILTON.

1.—BY JOHANN ZOFFANY (1733-1810).
"GEORGE, 3RD EARL COWPER,
COUNTESS COWPER, MR. AND MRS.
GORE, AND THE TWO MISSES GORE."

By Courtesy of Lady Desborough.

THERE are collectors of glass who confine themselves to Waterford, and of books who buy nothing printed after Anno Domini 1500; the pulses of some beat faster at the sight, if not the sound, of derelict grandfather clocks; with others the jars of China are a lifelong devotion. Sexless passions, these! More gallant is the buyer of pictures and prints, for whom a Reynolds lady is worth at least thrice as much as a Reynolds man. Put husband and wife to auction at Christie's, a perfect match in size, and framed in complete harmony of gilding and moulding—with what result? There is no equality of the sexes at the great assize of the hammer. The preference for the fairer sitter has in cases



2.—BY GEORGE ROMNEY (1734-1802):
"MISS CATHERINE CHOLMELEY."
By Courtesy of the late Sir M. Cholmeley, Bt

innumerable meant divorce, with heavy damages for the lady, who goes to a wealthy lover, and a mere trifle for the husband, who finds a hermitage with a humble and diffident admirer.

To the same gallant preference we owed a series of exhibitions, extending over several years, at the Grafton Galleries, at one of which series all the pictures on these pages were shown. Children, too, were eligible for exhibition, and for these pages, because the child not seldom goes hand-in-hand with its mamma, or, if not hand in hand, may be observed at her knee, or on her lap, or perched at her sloping shoulders. A small child has always been considered an ornament of the sex. A mother who still feels young

[Continued overleaf.]

3.—BY JOHN HOPPNER (1759-1810):
"MISS ELIZABETH JEMIMA BLAKE."
By Courtesy of Sir William H. Bennett



4.—BY VIGÉE LE BRUN (1755-1842):
"PORTRAIT OF HERSELF"
By Courtesy of Otto C. H. Gutschunst, Esq



Continued.]

enough to be taken for beautiful is never shy to advertise the tender years of her brood. A yearling or a two-year-old confirms her feeling that she has not yet relinquished her own youthfulness, but with her children in the later 'teens she may begin to grow suspicious of the mirror and wary of the portrait-painters. However that may be, we note that when she is painted with her family, the family is usually in an elementary stage. How often were Romney and Gainsborough and Reynolds called into a family circle of three, perhaps to bear their share in baby-talk, and satisfy with pretty speeches the enthusiasm of unjaded parents! How seldom were they introduced into the extended circle of eight or ten or twelve! For them England was an England of small families. Two charming examples, however, are given here of slightly elder children—one by Reynolds, of Lady Amabel and Lady Mary Jemima Grey, from the admirable Lucas collection; the other

[Continued below.]

BY ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641): "THE MARCHESA BALBI."

By Courtesy of Col. Sir G. L. Holford.

have but to go to Horace Walpole to be reminded that the Society graced by Zoffany's sitters was not nearly so strait-laced as his formal brush would have us believe. If it had no jazz, it had its sufficient share of other indecours. In another of these pictures, "The Introduction," by Terburg, a cavalier does homage to ringlets and a pretty complexion. He is here admitted because he is a suppliant. The lady remains for us the centre of attraction, as she was for Terburg, no less than for the cavalier. Like so many of the damsels of the Old Master portraits, she is heavily and abundantly gowned. Look, too, at Van Dyck's Marchesa Balbi, in her green velvet robe and embroideries, material enough to robe ten of the maidens who have since beheld her on her wall at Dorchester House, whither she came from a Genoese palace. Look, too, at Velasquez' Isabella of Bourbon: is she a reproach to the new line? Or does the new line



BY GERARD TERBURG (1617-1681): "THE INTRODUCTION."

By Courtesy of the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville.



BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792): "LADY AMABEL AND LADY MARY JEMIMA GREY."

By Courtesy of the late Lord Lucas.

Gainsborough's portraits of his daughters, with expressions not unlike our own Lady Diana's—but on neither canvas is the mother visible.

Men, too, make an accidental appearance in this collection. They are helping the ladies to make music in Zoffany's genteel group of Lord and Lady Cowper and the Gores. The finished style of the picture suggests the finish of the whole period. Discords on that harpsichord are unthinkable. It makes us blush to recall the unmannerly noises we now produce in our Futuristic drawing-rooms—and for those drawing-rooms themselves, decorated by Roger Fry, we turn as pink as Earl Cowper's pink breeches. But the polite painter must not have it all his own way: we

[Continued above.]

BY F. H. DROUAI (1727-1775): "CAROLINE LOUISE, MUSGRAVE DE BADE DOURTAC (NÉE PRINCESSE DE HESSE-DARMSTATT), CHARLES LOUIS (NÉ LE 14 FEVRIER 1755) ET FREDERIC (NÉ L'AOUT 1756)."

By Courtesy of S. E. Kennedy, Esq.

make her cumbrous petticoats absurd? Surely one mode is right, the other wrong. Or is there no such thing as wrong and right in the economy of dress? Perhaps every variation of fashion may be justified in the wearing, since the wearer herself is a creature of infinite variety. No rule, certainly, save that of perpetual alteration in dress and the perpetually unalterable, though various, charm of women, can be drawn from this assemblage of portraits. Before Hoppner's "Lady Peacocke" we can say, "How lovely!" with hardly less fervour than in the presence of living beauty. Extraordinarily modern, she survives the passage of more than a hundred years and the passing of a hundred modes.



BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792): MISS MARY HORNECK,
AFTERWARDS MRS. GWYN ("THE JESSAMY BRIDE").
By Courtesy of Viscount Astor.



BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727-1788): "PORTRAITS
OF THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTERS."
By Courtesy of Lord D'Abernon.



BY NICOLAS ELIAS: "LADY WITH A FAN."
By Courtesy of W. C. Alexander, Esq.

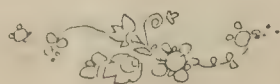


ENGLISH SCHOOL (ABOUT 1780): "LADY IN A BLACK HAT."
By Courtesy of Lord Lee of Fareham.





BY VELASQUEZ (1599-1660): "ISABELLA OF BOURBON."
By Courtesy of Edward Huth, Esq.



BY FRANCISCO DE ZURBARAN (1598-1661): "PORTRAIT OF A LADY AS ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY."
By Courtesy of the Right Hon. Lord Barrymore.



BY JOHN HOPPNER (1759-1810): "LADY PEACOCKE."
By Courtesy of Sir Philip Sassoon, Bt., M.P.



BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727-1788): "MARY GAINSBOROUGH. AFTERWARDS MRS. FISCHER"
By Courtesy of Adolph Hirsch, Esq.





The Ash-Grove

By

M. L. C. Pickthall



Illustrated by
Warwick Reynolds

THIS true story might be called "Solitude," or a dozen other things. But I have decided to call it "The Ash Grove," because of Williams.

There is a sort of legend that all the factors of the Hudson Bay Company are Scotchmen. But Williams was a red-headed Welshman, and fond of music.

There is not much music at Fort Delusion. The birds sing in the spring, and in winter the scrub spruce fringing the barrens is a harp for many winds sweeping down from the Pole. The Indians of those parts are a dumb race; of the few white men, fewer yet had music in their souls; only old Father Outardes knew some of the songs they used to sing about the Restigouche in his youth; and it was the songs of his own youth the factor wanted. The trouble of it was that he couldn't get the music out of himself, either by voice or fingers. It just stayed inside and simmered.

An old rhyme has been current for centuries reflecting on the rectitude of the nation to which Williams belonged. Williams was religiously honest in his dealings with all, from his masters in London to the last least half-breed boy who brought him poached beaver-skins for sale. But men who lead the life Williams did are better without any kind of hunger in their insides. And Williams fell at last.

The Reverend Thomas Aylwin was the cause of his fall.

Aylwin was a nice young fellow, with as robust a sense of humour and as dangerous a waiting left as you'd find in the North. The inhabitants of his few hundred miles of parish thought it a mere accident of fate that he was a missionary; until they found themselves meekly attending his services. He was a friend of Williams, and saw him often—sometimes as much as twice a year. However, he knew nothing of the longing for music that preyed on the factor's mind. The living danger of those solitudes is that they make a man dumb. After a few years of it, he would find difficulty in telling his own brother that he had the toothache; it would appear intrusive.

Winter comes early to Fort Delusion. The birds go, and the sun goes, and all men who are fortunate follow these things. The factor remained; and the Reverend Thomas, who had been on furlough for three months, returned to

share the dark months with his flock. The last hundred miles of his journey he made by dog-team. He had two sleds, and an Innuït driver ran alongside singing hymns and snaking a long whip round the well-fed brutes who drew them. He pulled into Fort Delusion in style. And that night, beside the red-hot stove, he showed the factor the gifts he was taking to his converts.

"There's a command, 'Feed my sheep,'" said Williams, twinkling at his young friend, "but you'll be giving them indigestion, Thomas."

"I've never plumbed their capacity for molasses and popcorn," replied the missionary. "But there are other things as well." He displayed knives and dolls to the factor's dazzled eyes, sewing-needles and saucepans. "And here's something," he finished, tapping a large tin case, "which will be food for their higher mental natures—if they have any."

"What is it?" asked Williams curiously.

Flushed with zero and triumph, Aylwin explained.

This was the factor's undoing.

For the rest of the evening he scarcely took his eyes off the tin box. Long after the missionary was asleep, Williams sat and

smoked by the stove; and his eyes, under the red-dish brows, gleamed with a light that grew more reckless and avaricious as the hours advanced. He wrestled with longing as men of old wrestled with the adversary.

Aylwin went on in the morning, and the tin box went too. Williams helped to re-pack the sled. He could scarcely bear to let the box out of his hands. But he would have died sooner than tell Aylwin that he wanted it.

Night came early to Fort Delusion, a night such as only the men of the North know: a great height of black calm, hung with stars like lamps, lit with the unearthly glow and flicker of ceaseless auroras. Fort Delusion looked no bigger than a huddle of match-boxes in the midst of it; the buildings were black; black were the legions of the starveling spruce marching to the frozen tundra; and black the figure and shadow of a man on snowshoes, who left the Fort some six hours behind the missionary and travelled rapidly westward on the trail of the sleds.

That man was the factor; and he was bent on a black deed.



Fort Delusion looked no bigger than a huddle of match-boxes in the midst of it; the buildings were black . . . and black the figure and shadow of a man on snowshoes, who left the Fort some six hours behind the missionary.

As he travelled, now and then he groaned. He talked to himself, as is the custom of men who live much alone. No one who had heard him would have been much the wiser. "*Yn Mhalas Llwyn On gynt, fe drigai pendefig*," muttered Williams; "if he had not said it was that, I would not have done it. And as yet it iss not done. But it will be."

Again, he said, "You will nefer be able to look Thomas in his face again." But the thought had no power to turn him. You could no more have turned Williams now than you could have turned Un-na, the old hunter, from a full bottle.

The trail ran crisp in the snow, and the going was good. However good, Williams could hardly overhaul a strong dog-team headed for home and knowing it. Ahead of him lay a long tongue of the moss-country, not yet hard-set enough for the passage of heavy sleds. Aylwin would have to go round this moss; Williams intended to cross it, and intercept Aylwin on the other side.

He swept on unfaltering in the great stillness of the barrens.

in the wild colours of the aurora. Where the wind had blown, the moss showed its own hues through the snow—from livid grey to magenta. When he had advanced a couple of hundred yards into the open, something made Williams look back as though his head had been pulled by a string.

Five shadows, visible only because they moved against the tree-stems, drifted out of the wood behind him.

Williams swung to the trail hastily. He said, "It is absurd at this time of year. And, anyway, I shall see no more of them. It is the sleds they were following for offal. They were foxes. Big foxes," finished the factor defiantly.

He proceeded with caution over the irregular surface of the moss. Here and there in the lower swales the ground sprang beneath him. He slipped once and wrenched a snowshoe. Pausing to adjust it, again he looked back.

Three long waves of land rose behind him. On the farthest of these he saw a shadow appear; another and another; they were great, high-shouldered shadows; they had an air of being



Five shadows, visible only because they moved against the tree-stems, drifted out of the wood behind him.

His snowshoes sang a whispering song. His fancy added notes to it:

sang the factor's right snow-shoe;

and his left answered,



He muttered strange words. "*A'r llançes yn marw in welw a gwan*," groaned the factor. "I will never hold up my head again. But it does not matter. Llwyn On, and perhaps Eos Lais and Per Alaw Neu Sweet Richard. . . ."

He had reached the edge of the moss-country and was descending to it when he learned that he was not the only traveller abroad that night and following on the track of Aylwin's sleds.

The trail here led him through a belt of denser spruce and bull-pine than he had yet crossed. And at first he did not believe the record of his own senses. It had been a bad year for rabbits, a bad season for deer, who had early changed their feeding grounds; he knew famine hunted in the woods to the south. But that these, the hunters of the hunters, should run on the trail of Man so soon—that was all but incredible. Williams told himself he had been deceived by a shadow, a shimmer of the snow. He put the possibility from his mind. His eyes renewed their dreaming gaze on the distance, his lips their mouth-ing of incorrigible consonants.

He swept out from the edge of the trees. Here he would quit the trail of the sleds; before him lay the barrens, undulating

there by accident. But the factor slipped his gun from its sling and carried it along his arm. He also groaned loudly. His mind was shaken by a profound sense of unrepentant guilt. And his nerve was not so good as usual. He was an ardent chapel-goer when in reach of Bethel; and now, as he went on, he repeated to himself, "This iss judgment on you for your sins."

He wished the judgment could have taken some other form than timber wolves.

He gathered the forces of his steel-and-leather body, and laid the miles behind him. When he stopped and looked back, he saw nothing. The barrens seemed perfectly empty. But all the time he was aware of that noiseless, lounging, inexorable pursuit; of unseen eyes that watched him.

"There are others besides them seeing you, Ieuan Williams," said the factor gloomily, and groaned as they groan in Bethel. But he went on all the same. He was more stubborn after wrong than he had ever been over righteousness.

He passed the moss in three hours and reached a country scantily tree-grown. Here he cast back once more to pick up the trail of the sleds, running due west. He was some time in doing so. The imminence of that dark deed on which he was bent had made all thought of his slinking ghostly pursuers recede from his mind. He found the trail again and followed it some miles.

At last, in a hollow ahead, he saw a little star of firelight, and knew it for Aylwin's first camp.

"Got pe merciful to me a sinner," groaned the factor; and advanced with caution.

[Continued on page 30.]



A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

FROM THE PAINTING BY EDGAR BUNDY, A.R.A.

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Continued from page 27.]

Aylwin and the driver slept in their sleeping-bags with the two sleds between them. Not a husky was to be seen; they were all scratched deep into the snow on the side of the hollow. Williams' eyes picked out the sled he wanted; it had a runner mended with hoop-iron that glinted a little in the starlight. He drew his blanket-hood forward so that it concealed his face. With his gun ready, and the light flickering on the well-kept barrel, he crept forward noiselessly. He looked a sufficiently desperate figure as he stooped over the sled he sought.

He loosened the sled-cover with the deftness and silence of a well-trained pickpocket. He knew just where the box was. He had put it there himself. He had his hands on it, when a faint sound made him stare at the far sleeping-bag in frozen horror.

He saw a frightened black eye regarding him.

The factor's heart stood still. He gave a suppressed sort of squeak and jumped away, the box in his arms. As he did so, a hand shot out of Aylwin's sleeping-bag and gripped him by the ankle.

Williams fell, still gripping the box; silent, and kicking madly. Aylwin's hand did not relax. He hauled. Williams kicked. His snow-shoe, working loose, flapped in Aylwin's face. The hand relaxed an instant. Williams broke free, leapt to his feet, thrust his toes home in the thongs, and fled like a hare. He had not once loosened his hold on the box.

Aylwin, using unecclesiastical expressions, was getting out of his bag. "You dirty thief!" he yelled. "I'll teach you to rob honest men on the highway!" There was no highway for some three hundred miles. But the missionary was annoyed. He got free of the bag at last, and ran after Williams.

"Cot-pless me," moaned the factor as he fled, "I had not counted on this!"

His supreme fear was that the Reverend Thomas should catch him and recognise him. His one chance against those powerful parsonical legs lay in the fact that Aylwin had no snow-shoes on. The snow on the rocks was only about eight inches deep, and Aylwin was bounding through it like a deer. The factor ran madly for the moss, where Aylwin, if he tried to follow would sink to the knee.

Clutching the box, he glanced back. Far behind them lay the camp; the driver had come out of his bag and stood staring after them, backed by a half-circle of huskies, who had also come out, hoping for trouble. Over all arched a crimson aurora. In its light Aylwin looked about ten feet high as he leapt the drifts in the factor's wake. He even appeared to be gaining. The factor sobbed.

"I must scare Thomas," he said.

He waited his time, dropped the box, swung about, and fired from the hip. The bullet, instead of flicking the snow in front of Thomas, zipped angrily past his foot. He jumped up with a yell and shook his fist at Williams. "You coward!" he roared. By this time he had forgotten that he was a missionary. "Do you think to stop me by that? I'll follow you now till doomsday, and when I've finished with you your own brother won't know you!"

He ran on. The factor also caught up the box and ran.

"I had forgotten," he panted, "that it is not easy to scare Thomass."

Williams was making wonderful time, picking out all the deepest snow. But the dogged missionary would not be shaken off. Whenever Williams looked back, he was there; the distance between them appeared neither to increase nor decrease. Aylwin seemed by instinct to find the rockiest places, where there was scarcely any snow. He carried nothing. And the factor was feeling the weight of the box; but he never even thought of letting it go.

In this manner the chase endured for some four miles. When a thinning of the scattered scraggy trees announced the nearness of the caribou-moss, the factor was half-dead.

He put on a spurt and rushed out into the open. The undulations of the moss spread desolate before him. Here he would be safe. In a little while he would lose sight of Thomas, and put down the box and rest his trembling limbs.

Half-a-mile, and he looked back.

The Reverend Thomas was still coming after him, though much farther behind—indomitable in his just indignation, struggling in the swales.

The factor used strange words. He cried despairingly, "Tevil take him, will he follow me all the way to the Fort?" He turned and rushed on, clutching the box.

He looked back after another mile. Thomas was not to be seen.

"He has fallen into a soft place," said the factor, with criminal satisfaction, hugging the box, "and that will cool him, indeed."

In a quarter of a mile he looked back again. No sign of the Reverend Thomas. The factor said, "I hope he has not hurt himself."

He went on a little longer. Then he remembered something.

"It is impossible," argued Williams; "they would not do it at this time of year."

He continued on his way, but slowly and more slowly. Then, abruptly, he spun round and went back on his own trail. He had just remembered something else. Thomas had no gun.

In twenty minutes the factor, topping a low rise against the stars, dropped his box with a grunt, and fled towards his outraged friend at a speed that made his previous efforts look like walking.

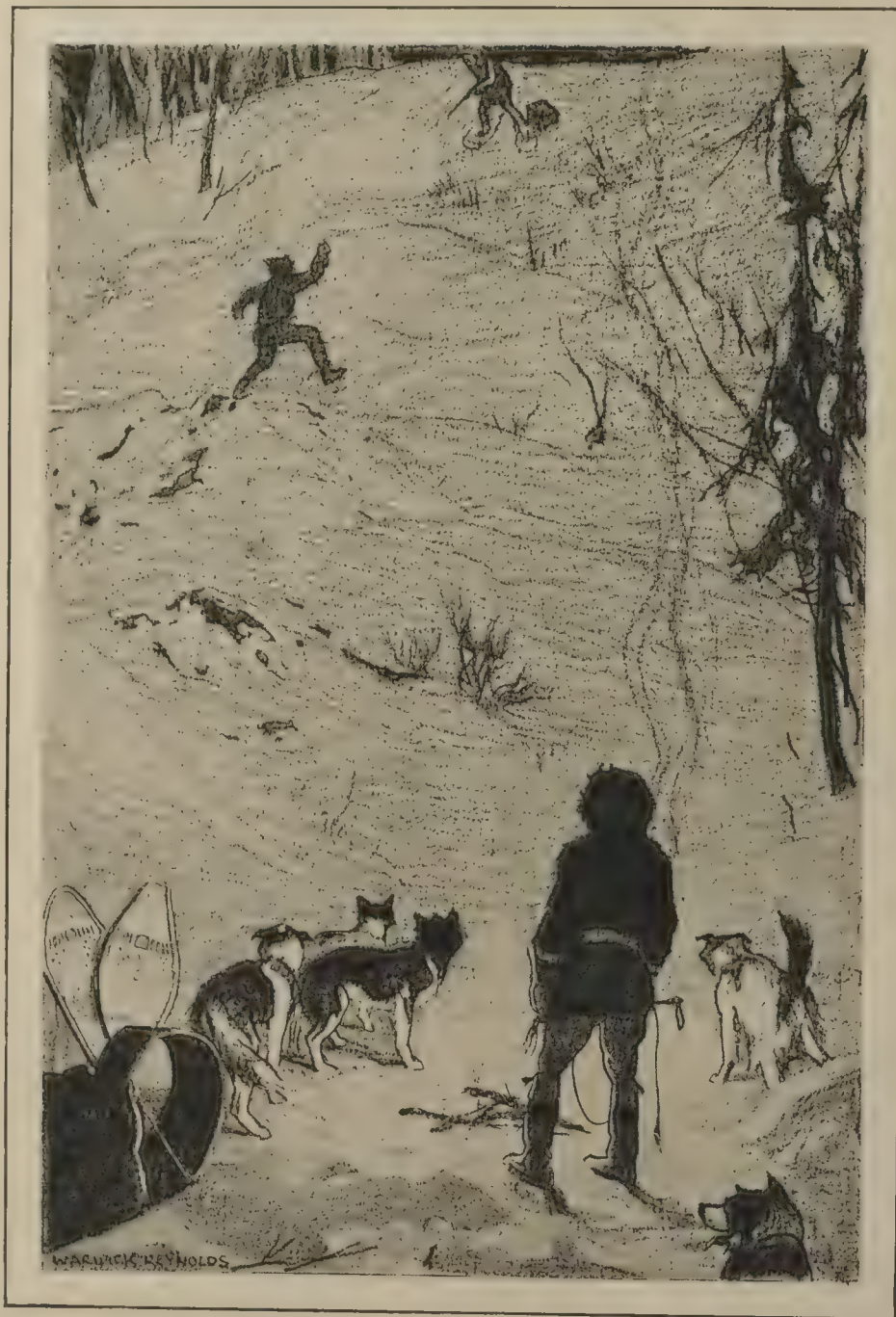
The Reverend Thomas, knee-deep in moss and snow, was standing watchfully, backed against a little thicket of willow bushes. As he came into Williams' vision his foot shot out, and Williams heard a snarling yelp, as if a dog had been kicked. At first it seemed as if the man had struck at air; then the factor's eyes perceived a ceaseless motion in the glimmer, where three gaunt wolves circled just without the missionary's reach—noiseless as shadows—as shadows all but invisible.

At twenty yards the factor dropped to his knee. The trembling was all gone out of him. He was steady as iron as he levelled the gun. Even as he did so, again the wolf sprang half-heartedly at Aylwin, and dropped back. . . .

This time the factor's bullet went where it was meant to go. The report sounded small as the crack of a twig in that tremendous stillness. A wolf yelped, snarled, and fled, biting at its own flank. The others simply disappeared: they were, and were not. Very slowly Williams went towards Aylwin.

When he was within six feet of him, Aylwin spoke.

"It's a good thing you came," he said. "In a few minutes



He waited his time, dropped the box, swung about, and fired from the hip.

they'd have been bolder. . . . And I haven't even a knife with me."

The factor said nothing. The hood hid his face. He stood, a dumb, unrecognisable shadow.

"What," asked the indomitable Aylwin, "have you done with the box you stole off my sled?"

Williams did not answer.

"See here——" began Aylwin, with kindly authority, and reached a hand to the factor's shoulder.

As that hand touched him, terror once more galvanised Williams. He jumped back with a timid grunt. By instinct



The wolf sprang halfheartedly at Aylwin.

his hands seemed to slide down the barrel of his rifle. Swinging it like a club, he swept the missionary's legs from under him, dropped the gun beside him in the snow, and fled once more.

The Reverend Thomas grabbed the gun and was up almost as quick as he was down. But not so quick as the factor streaking away on his snowshoes into the vast mystery of the night. Aylwin watched him, confounded, as he raced up the slope, caught up the box, and vanished. Twice Aylwin raised the gun. Twice he lowered it. "He must be mad," said Aylwin. "That's it. The poor fellow's mad, or he wouldn't have thrown the gun at me. He's not safe without it. There may be more of the brutes about." Here the Reverend Thomas remembered that he was a missionary. "His safety," he declared with energy, "must be a sacred charge to me."

Again he set off after the factor as hard as he could go.

Williams knew nothing of it as he raced for home. Mile after mile he laid behind him to the singing of his snowshoes. Emotion, fatigue, and the thrill of successful crime wrapped his senses in a haze. Now and then he reeled as if drunk, murmuring strange words. He never left go of the box. The hours passed over his head unheeded as the miles beneath his feet. He was borne on the wings of melodies sweeter than he would ever hear, since they were songs of the heart.

He made the Fort long before dawn, though not before the first stir of life. The little chimneys smoked valiantly against the cold, low stars as Williams, clutching the box, staggered at last into his own house and his own room, and collapsed into a chair. He was grey with weariness, but his eyes shone. He took off his snowshoes and his mitts. Without even removing his coat, he set the box on the table and opened it.

His hands were trembling as he lifted out a small gramophone.

He screwed in the horn. There were records packed along the sides of the box. Among these the factor sought, shivering

with eagerness; and at last found what he desired. He read the title on the envelope—

"The Ash Grove. An Ancient Welsh Air. Harp and Voice. . . ." With reverent hands he removed the paper and adjusted it on the machine. He wound the handle. There was a hum, a sharp click, a few faint twanging notes. . . .

Williams sank back in the chair. There were tears on his weather-beaten cheeks. The air stole out into the frosty twilight of that desolate room with something of a fairy effect; a ringing of silvery strings; a call of simple voices far away—O, far away as youth.



"The ash-grove, how graceful, how plainly 'tis speaking,
The wind through it playing has language for me;
Whenever the light through its branches is breaking
A host of kind faces is gazing on me.
The friends of my childhood again are before me:
Each step wakes a mem'ry as freely I roam.
With soft whispers laden, its leaves rustle o'er me.
The ash-grove, the ash-grove alone is my home."

"My home," said Williams, "my home . . ." and bowed his head.

Again and again he worked the charm. Again and again the fairy voice, the ringing of the distant strings, crept to him from his past. He did not heed when it was full day. He did not know when shy hands opened his door, or when that doorway filled with wondering dumb faces, dark faces staring on the factor and the magic he worked.

It held him hour after hour. He did not know when Aylwin, dead-beat and bewildered, reached the Fort; or when his friend's face was added to those in the doorway, gazing into the room.

Aylwin watched a moment, and then went away quietly. It was the time to refrain, even from good words. He knew he had just looked on a man's soul. And he had not yet been long enough at the Apostle's trade to be hardened to the sight.

Williams has a fine gramophone of his own now, and the very mixed inhabitants of Fort Delusion are developing a



He did not know when shy hands opened his door, or when that doorway filled with wondering dumb faces.

nice taste in Welsh music, and can distinguish between "Mae croesawiad gwraig y ty," and "Morva Rhuddlan." He and Aylwin are great friends. But they never speak of the night when the factor stole the missionary's gramophone.

Silence, after all, is sometimes the best music.

[THE END.]

Saint Joan the Maid.—Painted by Kay Nielsen.



HOW JOAN THE MAID OF LORRAINE SAW VISIONS AND WAS CALLED UPON TO DELIVER FRANCE.

"In those days the Lord stirred up the spirit of a certain marvellous Maiden, born on the borders of France, in the duchy of Lorraine, and the see of Toul, towards the Imperial territories. This Maiden her father and mother employed in

tending sheep; daily, too, did she handle the distaff; man's love she knew not; no sin, as it is said, was found in her; to her innocence the neighbours bore witness. . . ."—ANDREW LANG'S "THE MONK OF FIFE."

Saint Joan the Maid.—Painted by Kay Nielsen.

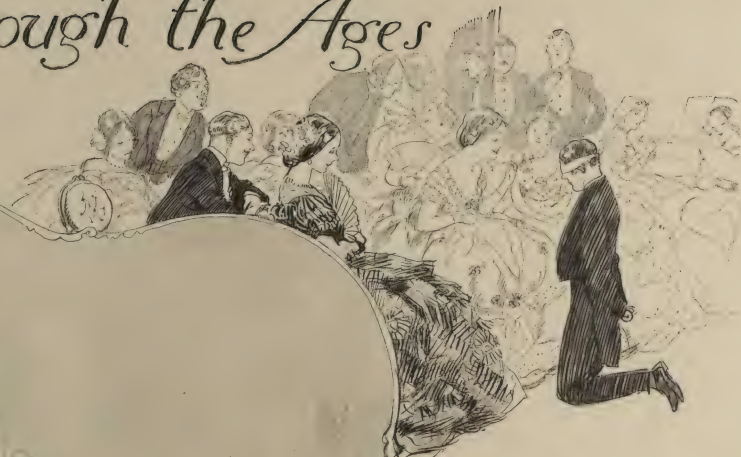


HOW JOAN THE MAID SUFFERED MARTYRDOM AT THE STAKE IN THE MARKET-PLACE OF ROUEN.

"I ever hoped for some miracle, even as her Saints had promised. But it was their will that she should be made perfect through suffering, and being set free through the gate of fire, should win her victory over unfaith and mortal fear. Wherefore I stood afar off at the end, seeing nothing of what befell; yet I clearly heard, as did all men there, the last word of her sweet voice, and the cry of 'Jhesus!'"—ANDREW LANG'S "THE MONK OF FIFE."

Christmas

Through the Ages



Though ever changing in its incidentals, Christmas has always been essentially the same—a season of feasting, fun and frolic. From the days of the Scandinavian Yule log to those of the modern Santa Claus and the tree hung with toys for the children, Christmas has been the time above all others for making merry. Different ages have had their different customs and costumes, and their different sports and

games, but ever since its foundation the spirit of Christmas has remained unaltered. As it was a thousand years ago, so it is today.

DRAWN BY ERNEST H. SHEPARD.

Pearl's

TRANSPARENT
SOAP

Matchless for
The
Complexion





THE RIVALS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY P. MONAHAN.

THOSE who have the privilege of knowing that eminent member of the Bench, Mr. Justice McGoffin, must be aware of that critical and closely reasoning faculty which he brought to bear on everything connected with his profession, and of that curiously innocent, not to say naïve, habit of mind with which he met all matters unconnected with the study of the law.

This innocence led him at times into curious trains of circumstances and into remarkable adventures. It is one of these adventures which we relate.

It happened on a certain occasion that, as he was drifting through the West End in something of a brown study, he paused before the window of a shop which showed for sale those "talking" machines which rejoice—for reasons unknown—in the name Tesiphone. Their open trumpets, pointing in his direction like the mouths of some impish chorus, attracted his attention. Behind these humbler instruments stood others, rather more opulent, without trumpets, but resplendent upon polished mahogany stands. Now, the Judge had often thought that, of all man's many inventions, the "talking" machine was the most startling and wonderful. That a simple box filled with clockwork could reproduce the sounds of the human voice—could become at will great operatic artist or music-hall artist—could, as it were, transport Covent Garden or the Palladium to your back drawing-room—was a phenomenon that set him wondering how far the ultimate limitations of humanity could be pushed back. He paused, therefore, before the window and browsed in thought upon the scene before him. There is no knowing how long he might have stood, had it not been for the fact that, raising his eyes a little, he became conscious that he himself was not unobserved. A damsel of slender build, clad in a neatly-fitting black dress which set off her



ILLUSTRATED BY WILL OWEN.

rather pale face and her glorious crown of golden hair, was standing in the back of the window behind the instruments and was looking at him with, perhaps, the faintest ghost of a smile. Mr. McGoffin was of a refined and sensitive nature. It was not in him to encounter the regard of one of the opposite sex without due acknowledgment. He therefore raised his hat. The damsel smiled and nodded, with what seemed a hint of invitation to him to step inside. He did so. He had not the least idea of what she required him for; but he told himself that that would no doubt be made clear to him when she had spoken to him.

The young lady approached him briskly.

"You wish to buy a Tesiphone?" she asked, in low, sweet tones. "Certainly, Sir. About what price did you require one?"

Mr. McGoffin hesitated.

"I do not know that I actually wished to buy one," he said slowly. "I was rather speculating upon the wonderful ingenuity of man, who by the exercise of his skill is thus able to reproduce the sounds of the human voice."

The young lady smiled a little dubiously.

"I'm afraid you can't realise that properly until you possess an instrument of your own," she said, still sweetly. "For example——!" She touched the spring of a mahogany box at her elbow, which at once bellowed forth a rollicking sea song in a deep bass voice. The Judge retreated a step in alarm. "The price of that one," continued the young lady, "is twenty-five

guineas. But perhaps you would prefer something larger?"

"Not at all!" said Mr. McGoffin. "Not at all! That one makes quite a noise."

"A beautiful instrument," remarked the damsel with great self-possession. "An ornament to any home. Where shall we send it to?"

"Well, really——!" began the Judge.

"It can be delivered anywhere within the four-mile radius this evening," went on the damsel, quietly. "And no doubt you would like a few records?"

"Well, yes," replied Mr. McGoffin, somewhat hesitatingly. "Yes, I should certainly like a few records—that is, if I bought the—er—instrument."

"A few records," answered the damsel in a business-like voice. "Shall we say three dozen? Perhaps you would like to hear some more?" The bass voice had by this time bellowed its way through the sea song, and was now in harbour, making a kind of scratching noise. Very deftly the young lady stopped it. "Three dozen records," she continued; "and for choice? Operatic, comic, elocutionary—or a selection?"

"I think," said Mr. McGoffin uneasily, "that I will give the matter further consideration. I will—er—call again in the course of a few days and—er—see you again."

"You may call, Sir," said the damsel, with a slight touch of hauteur, "but I am much afraid that you will not see me again. I leave to-morrow to take up the charge of one of our most important branches in the North. I should therefore be glad to settle this matter with you now. I assure you that if you buy one of our Tesiphones you will never regret it. I should advise you not to put it off. The demand is so great that this machine may be gone by the time you call. And why should you put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day?"

"True!" said the Judge, much struck by

[Continued overleaf.]

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the profundity of this remark. "True! I had not thought of that. It is a principle that might well be adopted by many people as their guide in life."

"Then take it as yours," replied the young lady, smiling sweetly. "If you will give me your address, I will see that the machine is delivered this evening."

Mr. Justice McGoffin gave his name and address, handed over certain notes, and left the shop, somewhat astonished at his enterprise in having in so short a time become the possessor of one of these marvellous instruments. He had just reached his home when he recollected that he had not learnt the name of the fair-haired young lady, nor even of the shop in which she served. In fact, if it had not been for a very perceptible difference in the weight of his pocket-book, he might have imagined the whole thing to be a dream. He was absent-minded during dinner. With the coffee, he forgot the whole thing entirely. And it was not until an hour later, when a somewhat red-faced butler and two stout draymen bore the instrument into his study, that he was reminded of it.

Dismissing the bearers and the butler, he remained for some time in contemplation of his new purchase. His first move was to unpack a parcel of records which accompanied it. He then turned his attention to the machine itself. The front of the cabinet was made of open bars. The top was occupied by something like a roulette wheel. There was a handle at the side which invited him to turn it. He did so, but produced no sound. Opening a drawer, two boxes filled with finely pointed steel needles fell out and scattered their contents on the carpet. Mr. McGoffin was forced to spend a full five minutes in gathering them up again. At length, however, he did so, gathered their use also, inserted one in its proper place, put a record on the machine, and was rewarded. A high tenor voice rose upon the air, filling the room with sweetness to an accompaniment of vague scratchings and whinings. It wailed marvellously through a love song, becoming momentarily flatter, until it finished in an indistinguishable bass. When it ended, the record went round and round without further remarks or vocalisation, and the Judge fiddled with various

small fittings until he came to the one that stopped it. After which, for quite three minutes, the Judge and the machine were silent.

"Dear me!" said Mr. McGoffin at last. "Dear me! The young man who sang that song appears to have an immense range!"

He put on another record—a pianoforte one this time—and listened attentively to what appeared to be the ghost of a banjo, rather



What remained of him . . . now appeared before Mr. McGoffin in the dock.

badly out of tune. After which he got a little discouraged, and, retreating to his arm-chair, endeavoured to forget the whole affair.

In this he was entirely successful, for, in truth, his capacity for forgetting the ordinary events of daily life was remarkable. The Tesiphone remained in his room unnoticed for month after month. After a little time he could not have told you how long it had been there or where he

had obtained it. Until, almost a year later, a series of events occurred which brought the transaction vividly to his mind.

It was in one of the most important of our northern cities that these events occurred. I need not specify it more precisely than to say that it is distinguished alike by the hideousness of its architecture and the insane civic pride of its inhabitants. The Judge had arrived at this night-mare, on circuit. And it was at the Assizes held in this town that one of those distressing cases of assault not uncommon in that locality came before him. It is not our purpose to go too closely into details. Sufficient to state that a young lady had been attacked by a man whilst returning from her work along a canal bank that led from the city to one of the suburbs. She had resisted her assailant with courage and persistence, and her cries had brought to her aid two bargees, who, with the innate chivalry of their class and calling, had rescued the maiden and almost kicked the villain to death. What remained of him had been handed over to the police, and now appeared before Mr. McGoffin in the dock—a singularly unassuming person of middle stature, with a hot blue eye, and rather long fair hair brushed *en brosse* off his forehead. The young lady gave her evidence with a certain hauteur and a becomingly modest reluctance. She did not look at the prisoner except when directed to do so for the purpose of identification. For the most part she kept her eye upon the Judge. And in Mr. McGoffin's brain there came a vague recollection.

Asked—if she knew the prisoner? Answered—No! Had she ever seen him before the assault? Not to her knowledge. (Loud protests from the prisoner silenced by the Judge.) Had she ever been followed by this man before? No! Or by any man? Oh, yes—often! Had she been frightened? Very much so. Did she think she was in danger of her life? Was not certain whether she was in danger of her life, but knew she was in danger. Quite so.

The prisoner elected to go into the witness box, and was allowed to make a statement. He was not guilty—at least of the charge which had been brought against him. He had always been a most moral man, and could produce testimonials from clergymen. He was a musician. Happening

(Continued overleaf).

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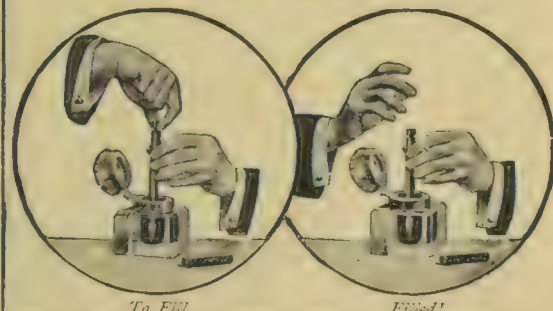


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to pass the window of a "talking" machine establishment in one of the principal streets, he had seen the young lady in the window and she had beckoned him in. (Indignant protests from the young lady.) He had gone in under the impression that she wished to speak to him, and had then and there, almost without volition on his part, been forced to buy a Tesiphone. He had taken it home with him, along with some assorted records, and had tried them. For all the use the cursed thing had been, it might as well have been a sewing-machine. He had followed the young lady purely out of a feeling of revenge. He was guilty of attempted murder—no more! He had suffered greatly from his character having been called in question. In view of the purity of his motives and the character of the instrument sold him, he did not think he was guilty of attempted murder, after all. He thought a verdict of justifiable homicide would meet the case.

Mr. Justice McGoffin questioned him sternly. Did he mean to imply that a sewing-machine was a useless instrument? He, the Judge, had heard that it was a thing much valued by ladies.

The prisoner was understood to answer that as a musical instrument a sewing-machine was a failure.

Mr. McGoffin thereupon asked him if he had actually bought a sewing-machine as a musical instrument.

The prisoner replied that he had not bought a sewing-machine, but a Tesiphone.

Mr. McGoffin inquired why he had bought a Tesiphone if he wished for a sewing-machine.

The prisoner replied, "Good God!"

Mr. McGoffin ordered him sternly to stand down, and added a caution against the use of bad language in that court.

The first of the two bargees was then examined. His evidence was short and to the point. He had seen a man struggling with a young lady on the canal bank. It was, in his opinion, "a bit of a Barney." He had interfered? He had. He and his mate had "purred" (a local expression implying "kicked")

the man all over. Why had he done so? He had done so because he was an Englishman; and no Englishman would have done anything else.

The second bargee corroborated. He, too, had seen the struggle. He, too, had kicked the prisoner. He, too, was an Englishman.

At the request of the Court, the young lady was recalled. Mr. McGoffin proceeded to put further questions. Did she sell sewing-machines or Tesiphones? She sold Tesiphones. Was there

Though, now he came to think of it, he also had never tried.

In answer to further questions, the young lady informed the Court that the Tesiphone she had sold to the prisoner was in court and could be produced. Mr. McGoffin ordered its production. A record was placed upon it by the direction of the Judge, and the jury were directed to listen to it carefully and to form their opinions as to whether its performance afforded any justification for the attack complained of. The record was set going, and the machine burst forth.

We need not go too deeply into the painful scene that followed. The comic song delivered had been a popular success during the preceding winter, and had for its theme judicial folly, basing itself mainly on a ruling given by Mr. McGoffin in a sensational case some months before. Each verse ascribed to an imaginary Justice characteristics attributable either to softening of the brain or to bribery. At the end of the second verse the public was dissolved in mirth, and the Bench in anger. At the commencement of the third verse the record was stopped.

The case was stopped also. Mr. McGoffin charged the jury. He informed them that the instrument was obviously not a sewing-machine—that no sewing-machine could be half as offensive. He pointed out that if the jury thought as he did, the prisoner had had ample justification for his attack. He, the

Judge, might have acted in the same manner as the prisoner under similar provocation. The two Englishmen had shown in their meddling interference some of the worst characteristics of their race. If the jury found all this—as they were bound to find it—they would discharge the prisoner without a stain on his character. With confidence he left it to them as upright subjects of his Majesty the King and as respecters of the King's Law. The jury concurred without leaving the Court. The prisoner was discharged. The young lady was cautioned.

[THE END.]



A record was placed upon it by the direction of the Judge, and the jury were directed to listen to it carefully.

any possibility of mistaking her Tesiphones for sewing-machines? Certainly not. Why, then, had the prisoner done so? She did not know. Was it possible to sew with them? No. Had she ever tried? She had not tried. Yet she was prepared to state that it was impossible? She was. Had she ever sold any Tesiphones to anyone in that court who could speak to their merits? Yes; she had sold one to his Lordship. (Sensation in Court.) Mr. McGoffin gazed at her earnestly, and at once corroborated her statement. The young lady had sold him a Tesiphone, and he also had never been able to sew with it.

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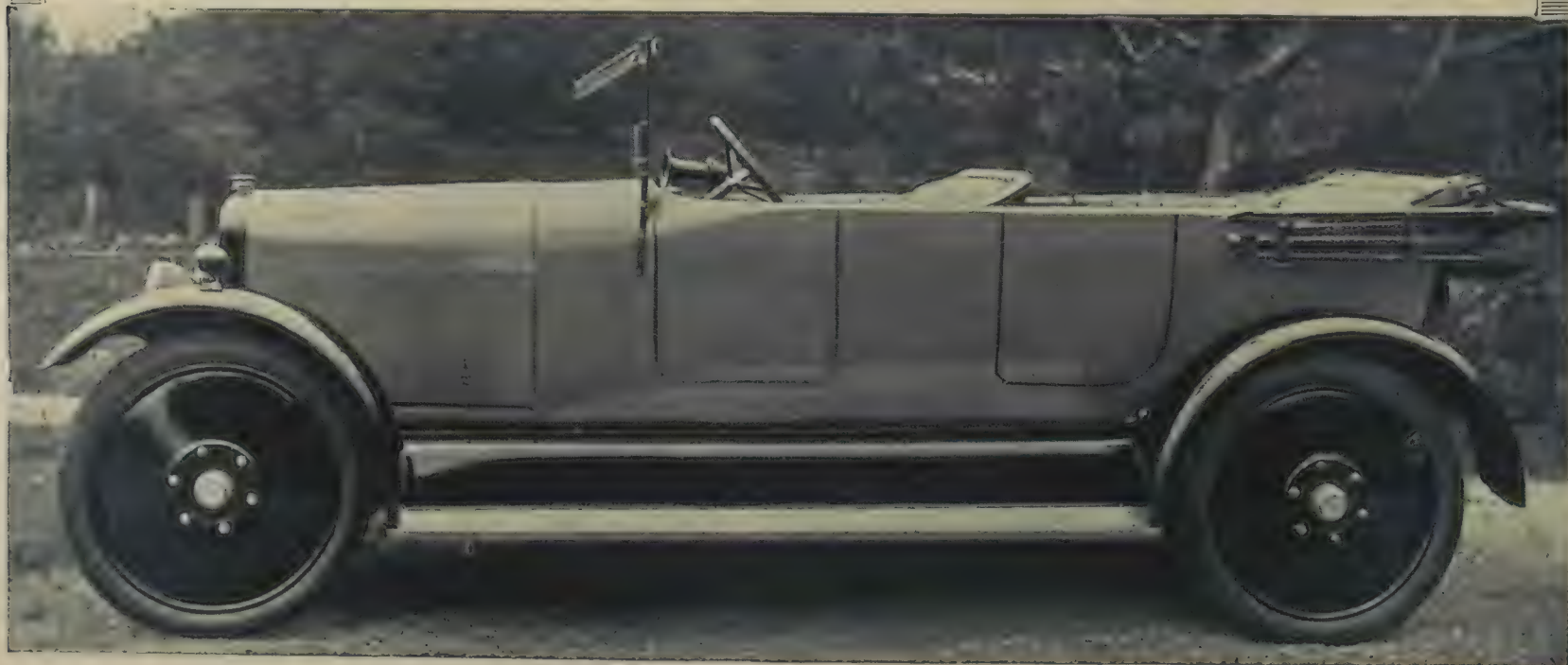
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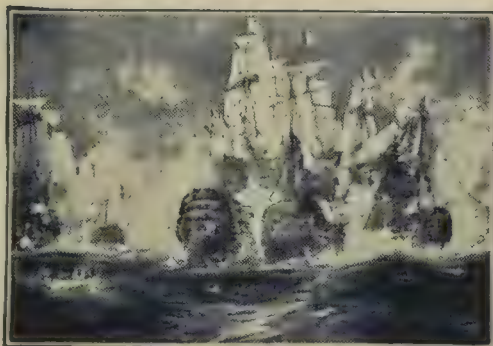
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In fairies (witness Tinker B.)
Stirs Fairyland to rage and grief.
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Good Master Cobweb and the rest,
Of mortal children's faith have need
For bare existence, whence the test

Is put to children at the play:
"Do you in fairy folk believe?
For if you don't, they'll fade away:
Your faith confess, and so retrieve
The flickering spark of Tinker Bell,
Who's dying, dying, all but dead!"
Their saving Creed they shout; all's well.
The tree-tops chime, and Wendy's wed.

Far from the play of Peter keep
The sceptic child, if such there be,
Who, caring not how fairies weep
For Unbelief's perversity,
Denies them, flouts the fairy tale
And flutters to a wild unrest
The Little World beyond the pale
Of Christendom, yet not unblest.

Into this dark and deadly crime
Did Doubting Thomasina fall,
But she repented, just in time,
On hearing Queen Titania call
Her Elfin Guardian of the Peace
To note the case for punishment;
For elves can pinch, and their Police
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The Eno Symbol  *of Happiness.*





CHRISTMAS CARNIVAL

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. I. WEBSTER



A CHRISTMAS TALE.

WE have it on the authority of Kitchin's "History of France" that on Christmas Eve, 1245, King Louis IX bade all his Court be present at early morning mass. At the Chapel door each man received a gift of a new cloak, put it on, and went in to worship. Thus Christmas came to be known in France as "the day of new clothes." In the modernised version of the custom we regard Christmas as "the day of new cars," for at this season of joviality and good cheer and gift-giving the motor-car is an offering that is peculiarly appropriate and acceptable.

Motoring is an all-the-year-round pastime. It never goes out of fashion. Unfortunately for himself, Mr. Pickwick lived at a time when motor-cars did not even enter into the dreams of the most imaginative of persons; but here the artist has given us a fanciful picture of that inimitable gentleman arriving at his favourite inn on a brand new 11.9 Bean car, and we doubt not that, had Mr. Pickwick lived to-day, his good taste and his keen appreciation of personal comfort would have induced him to pin his faith to the car which has come to be known as "the leader of its class."

"Hello Kiddies
I've been shopping!"



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Dissolves instantly, making jelly "in a jiffy" with the flavor of the fresh fruit.

BIRD'S "Spongie"

So easy. A child can make a delicious Swiss Roll. No sugar required!

BIRD'S "Puddena"

The new quick way of making puddings; a small packet makes a large pudding, dainty, delicious and digestible. No sugar needed!

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Imparts the richness, flavor and appearance of new-laid eggs to cakes, buns and puddings.



A RIDE IN SANTA CLAUS'S SLEIGH.

DRAWN BY "G. C. WILMSHURST.

I.
THERE is no disguising the fact that Celestia was a spoilt child. How could it have been otherwise? She was the only child of her parents, and her father was a millionaire. All the money he made, all the property he owned, everything that he did was inspired by the mere existence of Celestia. Her mother died when she was five.



The Child who Bought a Policeman

By
Keble Howard
Illustrated by
Chas. Crombie.



My story opens when she was nearly nine. Between the ages of five and nearly nine Celestia had ransacked the pleasures of the world—her world—and exhausted them one by one.

The top storey of every house possessed by her father was filled with toys that Celestia had either discarded or destroyed. The only toys she never destroyed were live animals. She had grown tired of ponies, dogs, cats, pigs, rabbits, rats, mice and birds, but she could never be cruel to them. They were all carefully tended each day by a staff of persons engaged for that especial purpose.

At the approach of her ninth birthday—that is to say, some three months before the event—Celestia's father began to get a little rattled. Celestia, of course, had a present every day of her life, but on her birthday she expected a very special present. This birthday present, moreover, had to be a surprise. Celestia knew nothing about it until the morning of the glad day, and then it burst upon her in all its glory or its freakishness, as the case might be.

Being rattled, Celestia's father decided to hold a Cabinet Council. He summoned to his study his Private Secretary, his Public Secretary, his Steward, his Major-Domo, his Butler, and Celestia's Head Governess.

"I want you all," he said, "to use your brains for once. My daughter's birthday is approaching, and, for the life of me, I can think of nothing to give her which she does not already possess. Dangerous toys, such as motor-cars, yachts, flying-machines, and so forth, are barred. So are wild animals. With those exceptions, let your imaginations run riot. We will meet again to-day week at this hour."

The Cabinet broke up and went away to think.

For the next seven days they were to be found in all sorts of unexpected corners, holding their heads. The Major-Domo, who had ascended to the roof for peace and quietness, very nearly fell off and broke his neck in the desperate effort



For the next seven days they were to be found in all sorts of unexpected corners, holding their heads.

it with birds of the most gorgeous plumage from every clime."

"Rot!" replied Celestia's father. "There's no time to get them except from the 'Zoo,' and they wouldn't sell. Besides, she's got a whole lot of birds now. And birds are not very wholesome company for children. I will hear the Major-Domo. I am told he nearly broke his neck over this business, so he must have some ideas."

"Sir," said the Major-Domo, "it was not in vain that I ascended to the roof-top. I think Miss Celestia would be highly delighted with a house that stood on its head. She would enter at the garret window, and walk upstairs to the cellar."

"Have you quite finished?"

"Yes, Sir. The details would come later."

Celestia's father turned to his Private Secretary.

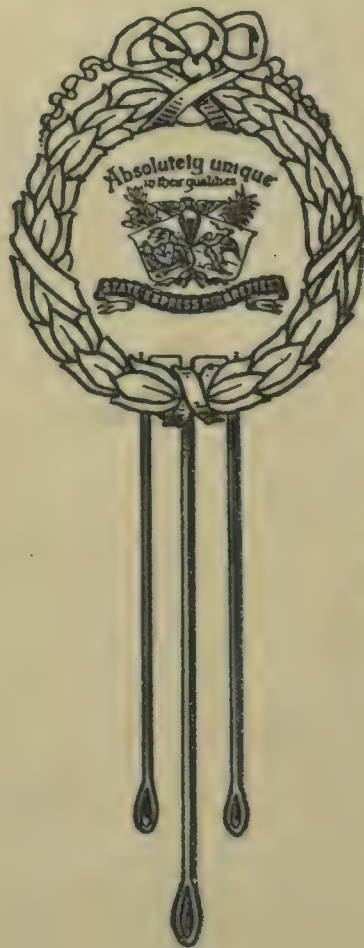
"Immediately after the meeting," he instructed, "ring up Hanwell Asylum and ask them to send a van with two attendants. We will now hear you yourself."

"Sir," said the Private Secretary, "I have a quite novel idea. I suggest that you instal a telephone exchange, complete with switch-board and lines to all parts of the house. Miss Celestia could be the clerk-in-charge. We would all ring her up, and she could switch us through to the wrong numbers."

This notion met with applause, instantly suppressed. Celestia's father pointed out that his child, after all, was human. He did not wish her to become cold, callous, and cynical before her time. He then heard the Butler.

"Sir," said the Butler, "I once escorted Miss Celestia through the cellars. The havoc she created in less than twenty minutes with the

(Continued overleaf.)



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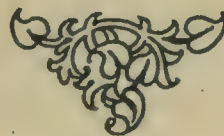
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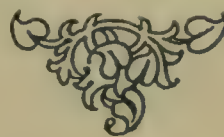
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pipes of port seemed to cause her great pleasure. How would it be to rig up a shooting-gallery with full bottles of champagne, 1911 vintage, and get a model machine-gun—"

"My good man, it is true that I am a millionaire, but some toys are beyond even my purse. Miss Galsworthy?"

"Sir," said the Head Governess, "I am about to startle you. Send for Miss Celestia and ask her to name her own present."

"Excellent!" cried the millionaire. "We can no longer surprise her, but there is every possibility that she may surprise us. Let her be fetched."

Celestia, very demure in a little white frock, walked gravely up the library and took her seat in a splendid carved chair at the head of the table. The staff, who had risen as she entered, bowed low and resumed their seats.

have given themselves headaches for nothing—nothing, that is to say, beyond their exorbitant salaries. I have therefore decided, on the advice of Miss Galsworthy, to ask you to name your wish."

"I should like—" said Celestia.

They all leaned forward. A pin crashed to the floor.

"I should like—" The Butler swooned from sheer suspense.

"I should like—a Policeman."

"Very good, my child," replied the millionaire. "You shall have a Policeman of your very own."

"Fat," added Celestia, "with a truncheon and a lantern."

II.

THERE was no particular difficulty about obtaining a policeman. The fattest policemen, as everybody knows, are employed at the National Gallery, the British Museum, and places of a similarly gentle nature. The worst of it is that in course of time they get too fat to pass through the turnstiles, and then have to be pensioned off.

Celestia's Policeman had reached this precise stage in his career. He was not too old for his job, but he was too fat for it, and the Force was glad to part with him, uniform, truncheon, and lantern complete, for a hundred pounds. It was the cheapest birthday present Celestia's father had ever purchased.

When Celestia awoke on the morning of her birthday, she jumped out of bed, rushed to the window, and there was the Policeman standing in the garden.

"Good - morning, Miss," said the Policeman, and touched his helmet.

Celestia clapped

her hands. "How beautiful!" she breathed.

The Policeman smiled in a gratified way, and adjusted his tunic.



"Policeman," she exclaimed, "you're getting thin!"

"You're the fattest Policeman I ever saw," added Celestia. "Turn sideways on, please."

He obeyed, and the spectacle he presented was enchanting even to the *blasée* nine-year-old daughter of a millionaire.

"Now walk!" ordered Celestia. "Lift your feet up! Draw your truncheon! Every time you pass the window you must salute!"

It was difficult to get her dressed that morning. She had her bath brought to the window so that she need never take her eyes off the Policeman. Once he ventured to stop and mop his brow, but she hammered on the glass imperiously, and off he went again.

Nothing would satisfy Celestia but that the Policeman should come to breakfast. So they had it together, and Celestia managed to extract a good deal of information about policemen.

"Do they all eat as much as you?" she asked.

"As much as me? Why, bless yer, Missie, I'm dainty, I am! There's one of my mates can put away a whole cold meat pie in less than ten minutes! 'Cookie's Terror,' we calls 'im."

[Continued on page 56]



She fetched the picture book, and showed them both how it should be done by the best cooks and the most expensive policemen.

"Celestia," said her father, "we are at our wits' end. We cannot think what to buy you for a birthday present. All these good people



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Dividends of Satisfaction

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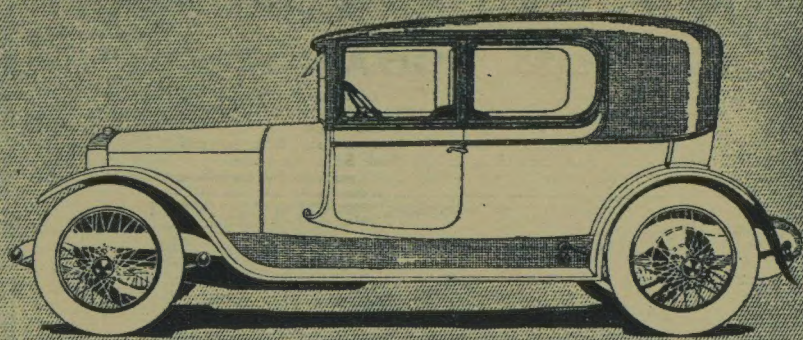
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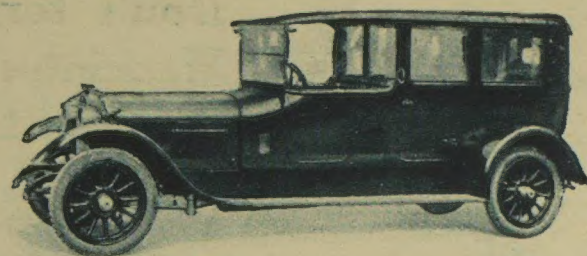
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L.C. 11

"Why do you call him that?"

"Why?" Here the Policeman winked at the Footman. "You ask any cook, Missie—any female cook, I should say."

"Our cook is a female. Would you like to meet her?"

"Oh, as to that, Missie, any time will do. Don't you worry your dear little head. No doubt I shall run across her this evening about supper-time."

"Ah, but I must be there," explained Celestia. "There's a picture in one of my books of a cook and a policeman. They're kissing. Do cooks and policemen always kiss?"

"Well, Missie, that depends."

"On the cook or the policeman?"

"As a rule, Missie, on the cook."

"Our cook does as I tell her. What are you laughing at, George?"

"I wasn't laughing, Miss Celestia," protested the Footman. "I only burnt my finger with a hot plate."

"If you do it again, I shall have you taken up. Now go away and send Cook here. Tell her to put on a nice blue print dress, and her whitest cap and apron. You'd better go and wash your hands and brush your hair, Policeman. The one in my book hasn't got jam on his fingers."

Cook was a little flustered at first and inclined to be coy, but the Policeman, egged on by Celestia, drove her into a corner and scrambled for a kiss. This was capital as far as it went, but Celestia was not fully satisfied. She fetched the picture-book, and showed them both how it should be done by the best cooks and the most expensive policemen. So they tried again, with better results this time, until at last Cook dashed out of the room and slammed the door behind her.

For nearly a week Celestia amused herself with the Policeman. She took him for a walk and made him hold up the traffic whilst she slowly



He became quite useless as a toy, and found his place with all the other rubbish in the attics.

and daintily crossed the street. The Footman was dressed as a tramp, simulated drunken fury, and was arrested with realistic ferocity. Then Celestia pretended that the house was being

watched by burglars, and the Policeman had to walk round and round it all night long with his lantern flashing in every direction.

At the end of a week, whilst he was standing guard over the Head Gardener, who had been incarcerated in the summer-house and fed through a crevice in the wall, Celestia suddenly stopped short and stared at her birthday present with horror.

"Policeman," she exclaimed, "you're getting thin!"

"Yes, Missie, I know I am."

"What d'you mean by it?"

"I'm very sorry, Missie, but I'm not surprised."

"Why aren't you?"

"Well, Missie, for one thing, I'm never off duty. When it isn't drunks it's burglars, and when it isn't burglars it's Cook."

"What difference does Cook make? You told me only yesterday she was a nice, homely party."

"So she is, Miss. That's just it. A man can't go on kissing a nice party like that without falling in love with 'er, and falling in love makes a man thin quicker than anything. If I might suggest, Miss—"

"Well? Don't blush, Policeman."

"I'll try not, Miss. If I might suggest, would you give Cook instructions as she's to marry me? I wouldn't interfere with her work. She could still go on cooking for yer Pa."

So the order was given, and, after becoming protestations, obeyed, and the Policeman grew stouter than ever. So stout, in fact, that he became quite useless as a toy, and found his place with all the other rubbish in the attics.

But Celestia didn't fret. She was far more delighted with a very wiry, astoundingly brave, and highly polished Fireman.

[THE END.]

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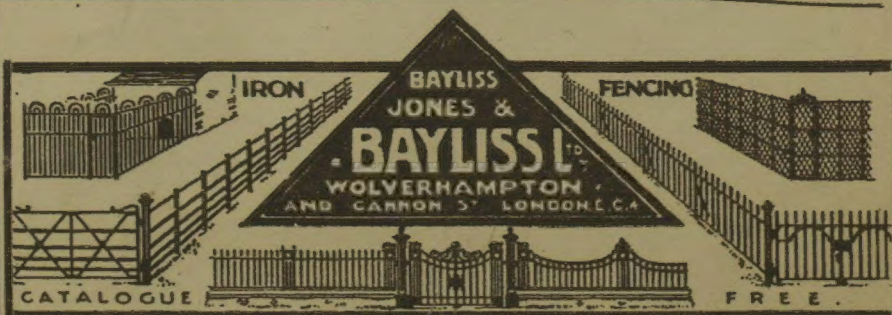
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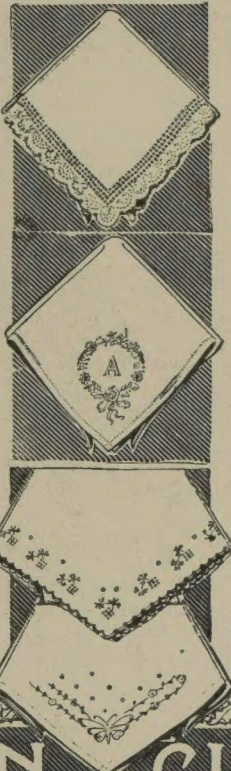
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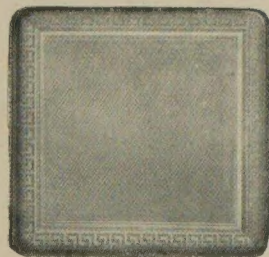
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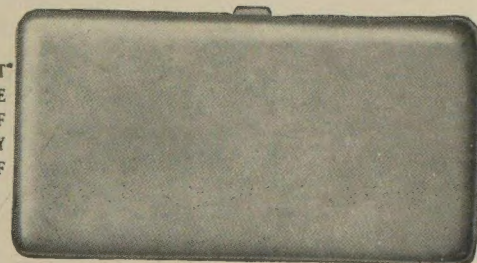


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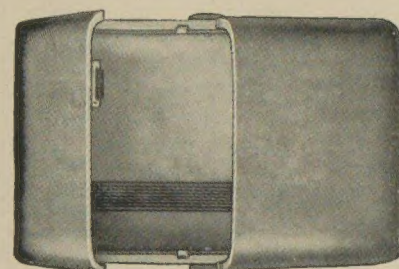
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